# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE TWEED-IZATION OF SILVER.

S. Matthews (Rep., Ohio). "Yes, Mr. Bloated Holder, you gave me a Gold watch and chain, but now I can legally return a Silver one."

☞ The beginning of a new year is a good time for the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR to renew their subscriptions to those periodicals, both of which offer unrivalled literary and pictorial attractions. The most popular authors and artists of America and Europe contribute to their columns.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine portrait of* STANLEY, *the well-known African explorer, a picture showing the Turkish retreat from Kars, and another installment of* "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR."

*A very interesting series of Letters by* CHARLES READE, *on* "THE COMING MAN," *begins in this Number of the* WEEKLY. *These Letters will express original and striking views on the subject of physical culture, and our readers will find them well worthy of careful and attentive perusal.*

*A new Serial Story by* MARY CECIL HAY, *entitled* "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD," *begins in the present Number of this journal.*

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE NATIONAL FAITH AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

IT is the general apprehension that the bill making the old silver dollar an unlimited legal tender will pass the Senate, and that the President will veto it. But it is not believed that the Senate can pass it over the veto by the necessary two-thirds. It is agreed that there is no more important question now pending. It involves the national credit and honor, and of course it concerns the most vital industrial interests of the country. Like all financial questions, it is susceptible of great obscurity and confusion of statement, and the larger number of persons who read the conflicting speeches and articles upon the subject are ready to insist that it is one of the things which are incomprehensible. But the simplest statement is the best. As the bill stands it is a proposition to pay a debt of a hundred dollars with a smaller sum. It is a sign of the kind of demoralization which Governor ROBINSON forcibly describes in his Message, and of which the betrayal of trusts during the last year by men who have been of irreproachable character is a startling illustration. It is also a portent of danger hereafter. Senator DAWES, of Massachusetts, says in a recent interview:

"I wish all Massachusetts could see and hear what I see and hear daily at Washington touching the plots to overthrow the plighted faith of the government, and for embarkation in the wildest schemes of speculation and expenditure ever recorded in this or any other nation."

The Senator describes the natural consequences of the indifference to good faith disclosed by the proposition of depreciated silver as an unlimited legal tender.

Senator DAWES also states that, in his judgment, this question precedes in importance all others. This opinion is asserted with equal conviction by large numbers of Republican papers throughout the country. The party is urged to forbear every difference, and to unite cordially in maintaining the national honor as it maintained its territorial integrity. It is, however, a most remarkable political fact that while this is the demand of organs of the party, not only are the Republicans in control of the Senate which it is assumed will pass the bill which these party organs vehemently denounce as a blow at the national welfare, but it is introduced into the Senate by a Republican, and has thus far received the most powerful support from a Republican, while the ablest defense of sound finance, the national honor, and common honesty has proceeded from a Democrat. This is a fact worth the serious consideration of Republicans who declare that the financial question transcends all others in importance. The result to which such consideration naturally leads is that to which similar attention to every other question of the time brings us, and it is the question whether, in view of these and all other significant facts, the true Republican policy is to depend upon vague exhortations to hold fast to the old principles, and to insist that the Southerners are just as much rebels as ever.

As a question of practical politics, does a fair survey of the political situation and the events and election figures of the last years justify the expectation that Republican ascendency can be maintained by declaring that we stand by the principles of '56 and '60 and '64, and that the South can never be trusted until its vindictive feelings are extinguished by the lapse of a generation or two? Is it reasonable that a party like the Republican, which we believe to comprise so much of the highest intelligence and character in the country, should have no common understanding and position upon the question which is confessedly of the supreme importance? If Republican Senators found it necessary to hold caucuses to consider the policy of appointments to office, ought they not to caucus upon a common course to be pursued in maintenance of the national honor? If Mr. STANLEY MATTHEWS, for instance, is to be stigmatized as a recreant, a pseudo-Republican, because he voted for the confirmation of FITZSIMMONS, why is he not stigmatized for anti-Republicanism because he supports the silver project? General BUTLER, also, intimates that the President has done something which discredits his own title to his office. Does General BUTLER's position on the financial question not discredit his title to Republican standing? Or, to put the case in another way, does the President cease to be a Republican because he thought it to be his constitutional duty to withdraw the troops from the Columbia State-house, and Senator HOWE not cease to be a Republican although by supporting the silver project he sustains partial repudiation? If a man may vote for the Silver Bill and yet remain a sound Republican in good standing, what is the sense of asserting that the bill involves a breach of the national honor? May a man connive at national disgrace and still be a good Republican? Those who are so anxious for restoring harmony, and for closing up and for falling in, should first decide whether they can fall in and "align" and execute other military movements with those who are striving to repudiate in part the national debt. In the campaign of 1868 we all agreed in denouncing the Democrats as rebels and repudiators. If we now insist upon denouncing them as rebels only, is it because so many Republicans advocate what, in this part of the country at least, Republicans hold to be partial repudiation? That is hardly a question upon which a great political organization can tolerate radical differences within its lines. The object of Republicans is by all honorable means to keep the party in power. Can we hope to retain power by talking about our fundamental principles, and harboring those whom we ourselves describe as practical inflationists and repudiators?

## MR. CHANDLER'S LETTER.

MR. CHANDLER'S letter has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Many of its important allegations were instantly denied. Secretary SHERMAN, as we mentioned last week, immediately stated that he had never made the bargain of which Mr. CHANDLER accused him. Mr. RANDALL GIBSON, of Louisiana, emphatically denied the accusation so far as he was concerned. Judge LAWRENCE, of Illinois, disposed of the story that he had received rewards. Mr. WATTERSON, of Kentucky, describes Mr. CHANDLER's statements about him as wanton, malicious, and false. Secretary M'CRARY declares that if there had been any bargain, he must necessarily have known it, from his relations to the Republican managers, and that he knew nothing. The assertion of these gentlemen will be regarded as no less credible, probably, than that of Mr. CHANDLER, and if he has any evidence of his charge that Mr. HAYES was counted in by a bargain, he must submit it. The question is raised by his own course. Whatever may be the decision, it can not touch the title of the President, but it will certainly show whether the Democratic charge of a conspiracy on the part of the Republican managers, of whom Mr. CHANDLER was one, is true. This is the question he presents, and it is not, in the usual sense, a party question, although it is one in which the Republican party has a very heavy stake.

It was the very suspicion of what Mr. CHANDLER now alleges to be a fact, that Mr. HAYES was counted in by the Louisiana Returning Board in pursuance of pledges, that led to the creation of the Electoral Commission. So strong was the conviction among Republicans as well as Democrats that there had been Republican fraud as well as Democratic violence, and that in the absence of any constitutional or statutory provision for a dead lock between the two Houses of Congress in counting the vote the most serious catastrophe might be anticipated, that the patriotic good sense of Congress established the Commission. The Commission did not enter into the question of fraud in the States. It declared that to be a question for State adjustment; and having decided that Mr. HAYES was entitled to the Presidency, the subsequent discovery of fraud in Louisiana or in any other State could not possibly affect his title.

But if Mr. CHANDLER's charge against the Republican managers be true, that they procured the counting in of Mr. HAYES under pledges made by Messrs. SHERMAN, MATTHEWS, and others that certain things should be done, then the Democratic allegations of last year are established. And when Mr. CHANDLER asserts that the counting in—a proceeding which he well describes as "this extraordinary, even if justifiable, work"—required "that the moral sentiment of the North would approve it," he asserts by implication that that sentiment did approve it. Now the sentiment of at least half the Republican party in the North at that time was simply that there was murder on one side and probable fraud on the other. The situation was desperate and obscure, and it was for that very reason that the proposition of the Electoral Commission was so satisfactory a solution. If the moral sentiment of the Republican party had required what Mr. CHANDLER now says was actually done, the Commission could never have been appointed. For that sentiment would have taken every risk. It was because it had not required what Mr. CHANDLER calls this extraordinary work, and was not satisfied, that it approved the formation of the Commission. The letter of Mr. CHANDLER will have two good results—it will deepen the gratification that a wise and peaceful solution of a perilous question was reached, and also that light has been thrown upon a Republican management which in the opinion of many Republicans has been most injurious to the party. Mr. CHANDLER has "turned state's evidence." What further steps in the same direction he or others may take, time will doubtless disclose. But neither he nor any other opponent of the President asserts the complicity of Mr. HAYES with any bargain or pledge. Mr. M'CRARY says that no man ever preserved a more dignified reticence even toward his most intimate friends and counsellors than Mr. HAYES during the entire period covering the progress of the Electoral Commission. Mr. CHANDLER's letter forces upon every Republican the question whether he or Mr. HAYES represents the real and enduring forces and spirit of the Republican party. He has made Republican success more difficult, but Republican reorganization very much easier.

## SCHOOLS OF VICE.

UNDER the auspices of the State Charities Aid Association local committees have been organized in many counties in New York for the purpose of visiting the jails and poorhouses. The value of an interest in such institutions which is not merely official and perfunctory is evident, and the mere fact that the community cares enough for them to visit and inspect them tends to improve their condition. The personal moral and social influence that it brings to bear upon the criminal and destitute classes is salutary, and actual ameliorations are sure to follow. Yet the work must be slow, and the workers very patient. But it is through such private and responsible intelligent observation and suggestion that progress is to be secured, and the whole community is deeply indebted to those citizens who devote the necessary time and attention to inform themselves and others upon the subject. We have been reminded of this by the report of the jail committee of the local visiting committee of Richmond County, or Staten Island, New York. The observations and conclusions of this committee would doubtless be confirmed by similar investigations throughout the country, as is shown, indeed, by the fact of their entire agreement with the conclusions stated by F. H. WINES, secretary of the Illinois Board of State Charities, in a paper upon the county jail system. Mr. WINES, in turn, cites the report of the Committee on Prisons in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, and the opinions of the New York Prison Association.

The Richmond County committee, after summing up what seems to them the trivial result of their labors, state that "their only positive gain is their sad experience, and their right derived therefrom to declare that the present county jail system is hopelessly and irremediably bad." This is the conclusion in which the Illinois secretary and the New York Prison Association agree. The county jails are merely schools of vice, and often sinks of disease. Let any reader of these words go and see for himself. He will find that the words of Mr. WINES are as true in New York as in Illinois:

"The prisoners have no employment; they do nothing from morning to night except to amuse themselves the best they can. Much time is spent in playing cards—in gambling, if any of the parties possess any thing which they can stake upon the issue of the game; or else a sparring or wrestling match is resorted to; or they draw pictures on the wall; or they sing camp-meeting hymns; or some one dances a clog dance; or they pound on the plates of which their cells are constructed—any thing to pass the weary hours and drive serious thought away. Books they have none, newspapers occasionally.

"As to reformatory influence or any attempt at it, it rarely happens that one thinks of it. In some places religious services are regularly held every Sunday in the jail by some band of voluntary workers in this department of Christian labor, but this is an unusual occurrence. The Illinois Commissioners of Public Charities, in their report for 1872, say, 'It is this association in idleness which is the curse and condemnation of our present jail system.'

"The effect of association is to increase the number of criminals and to develop their criminality. The innocent and the comparatively innocent are corrupted by the example, the conversation, and the direct teaching of more experienced transgressors; the lessons taught in the county jails are contempt for authority, human or divine; hostility to law and to its officers; the delights of vicious indulgence; the duty of revenge upon society for imaginary wrongs; the necessity of violence, of daring, and of sullen submission to punishment; the hopelessness of all effort at amendment; and the best method of success in criminal undertakings. Past exploits are here recounted, future deeds of darkness are planned. The history and character of noted criminals and of well-known officials are discussed. Every jail is a school of vice."

This condition is undeniable, but it is a disgrace to any intelligent community that it should be suffered to continue. The Richmond County committee summarize the main evils of the present county jail system as, first, the short terms of confinement, preventing any industrial or other training; second, election of sheriffs, who have charge of the jails, for party reasons, without the slightest regard to fitness; third, the short term for which they are elected, and the fact that their compensation is based on the number of persons boarded in the jails, so that it is for their interest to keep the jails full. Such statements are the strongest arguments, and the committee, as a practical remedy, propose a petition to the Legislature to use the jails hereafter solely as houses of detention, and that, as substitutes, work-houses or reformatories be erected in each Congressional or judicial district for the punishment and reform of all classes of criminals who, under the present laws, are sentenced to the county jails. This is a change so manifestly wise, and so in accordance with the conclusions of those who by long consideration and great experience have the best right to advise, that we hope the request to the Legislature will be so imposing as to command attention.

## A REASONABLE CONTEST.

THE friends of the Administration of course expect from it a firm and faithful maintenance of the just constitutional rights of the Executive, but a maintenance which shall be also reasonable and wise. The New York nominations showed that the President is of opinion that a change ought to be made in certain offices. The action of the Senate can not change that opinion. But as the nominations were rejected upon the ground of Mr. CONKLING's opinion of the fitness of the incumbents and the courtesy of the Senate, it is not to be supposed that the President believes the Senate's conviction of that fitness could be affected by any other nominations. Certainly he could nominate no man of higher character or greater fitness to be Collector than Mr. ROOSEVELT, and as the Senate has rejected him because in Mr. CONKLING's opinion the present Collector ought not to be displaced, the President, until the situation changes, can not wisely send in another nomination. If at any time, however, he should have good reason to suppose that the Senate had changed its mind, it would be his duty to renew the nomination, as it was his duty to propose it, but not to propose another name, because the objection was not made to the person.

The President's duty is not affected by the probability of an adverse vote from the Republican majority. The Executive obligation to propose such official changes as it thinks necessary for the benefit of the public service is incontestable. In the New York case, also, all the party requirements are satisfied. The gentlemen who were nominated are Republicans, and the case is in no sense different from that which is most familiar under every Administration. Should the nominations be renewed and confirmed by a vote of which the majority should be Democratic, the party responsibility would rest with Republican Senators who should refuse to sustain a Republican President in making Republican nominations, not for partisan but for public ends. The attempt to represent the question of the New York appointments as a personal squabble between Mr. EVARTS and Mr. CONKLING, for the purpose of building up an EVARTS party and pulling down a CONKLING party, is futile. The nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT to be Collector is an effort to introduce a change by which the Custom-house shall be practically taken out of politics and placed on a business basis. The retention of Messrs. ARTHUR and CORNELL is merely the continuation of the Custom-house in politics, and that is the significance of Mr.

CONKLING'S attitude in the contest. It is personal only so far as the credit of the Administration is a personal interest of the Secretary of State, and so far as the personal interest of Senator CONKLING is involved in the control of patronage. As for Democratic support, if the Republican majority does not choose to sustain the Republican President in doing his duty, it is not his fault, and it will be another blow at the party. It is idle to attempt to treat the President as TYLER and JOHNSON were treated, for he is as steadfast a Republican as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and the Senatorial attempt to school "Old ABE" was laughable.

## JEFFERSON AND OFFICE-HOLDING POLITICIANS.

IT has been stated that Mr. WEBSTER'S circular prohibiting office-holding interference with elections was the first effort of the kind ever made. This is doubtful. President JEFFERSON was very stringent upon the point, and on the 8th of September, 1804, when the Presidential election was approaching, he wrote to ALBERT GALLATIN, the Secretary of the Treasury:

"I think the officers of the Federal government are meddling too much with the public elections. Will it be best to admonish them privately or by proclamation? This for consideration till we meet."

JEFFERSON'S general theory of the public service was chimerical, for it was that the subordinate places should be filled in just proportion by the two political parties. As he found the offices occupied by Federalists, he proposed to secure this proper proportion not by removal, but by depending upon deaths, resignations, and delinquencies, as he expressly states in a letter to his Attorney-General, LINCOLN, in 1802. He insisted upon this plan even against urgent remonstrance from many of his hot partisans, and in 1807 he said to Governor PAGE, of Virginia, that he had never removed a man because he was a Federalist, and "never wished the Federalists in office to give a vote at an election but according to their own wishes." Yet Mr. JEFFERSON was quite as strong a partisan and quite as skillful a political leader as more modern politicians whose idea of party management begins and ends with patronage.

The Sandusky *Register* recently recalls an article in the Sandusky *Democratic Mirror* of more than forty years ago denouncing as a violation of law an exhortation of President VAN BUREN'S to his office-holders to do their duty in political work. The *Mirror* proceeds to rebuke VAN BUREN by quoting a circular of President JEFFERSON'S. It is even more emphatic than that of President HAYES. The latter does not forbid speaking or writing, but the former states distinctly that there must be no attempt to influence the votes of others. It was the same jealous regard for the freedom of the elective franchise which led in England to the disfranchisement of office-holders. The circular of JEFFERSON quoted by the *Mirror* is as follows:

"The President of the United States has seen with dissatisfaction officers of the general government taking on various occasions active parts in the election of public functionaries, whether of the general or State government. Freedom of election being essential to the mutual independence of government and of the different branches of the same government, so vitally cherished by most of our constitutions, it is deemed improper for officers depending on the Executive of the Union to attempt to control or influence the free exercise of the elective right. The right of any officer to give his vote at elections as a qualified citizen is not meant to be restrained, nor, however given, shall have any effect to his prejudice, but it is expected that he will not attempt to influence the votes of others, nor take any part in the business of electioneering, that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and his duties to it."

The *Mirror* also quotes what seems to be part of a letter from JEFFERSON referring to the circular:

"I have always thought it wrong that men holding public station should interfere in popular elections, for they are undoubtedly interested, and of course interested judges; and for this reason I gave early notice to such officers as were under my control that an interference with popular elections further than their votes would be sufficient cause for removal from office."

## ENGLAND AND THE DARDANELLES.

IT is hardly to be supposed that Russia will be very anxious for the interference of England in a treaty of peace with Turkey. England virtually declined to join Russia in requiring of Turkey satisfactory guarantees, which Turkey could not have refused. The British Government knew, of course, that the alternative was war. The war has been most costly in men and money, and the end that was foreseen from the beginning, if there was no European interference, is at hand. Undoubtedly one of the moral encouragements of Turkey throughout the war has been the conviction that, if matters came to extremity, England would break the Turkish fall. The anti-Russian party in England is very strong, and there is no doubt that Lord BEACONSFIELD belongs to it. But other members of the cabinet in whom Englishmen probably have a deeper trust are less decided; the Liberal party has no Russophobia, and it will not be easy to persuade England or the world that true British interests demand an alliance of England with Turkey to maintain Mohammedan rule over Christian populations.

An intelligent writer in the London *Spectator* shows that the exclusion of Russian ships of war from the Dardanelles, when two-thirds of the coast of the Black Sea are Russian, compels Russia to maintain two fleets, neither of which can ever assist the other. This is accomplished by the arbitrary closing of the natural waterway between two seas—an act which, therefore, has no moral foundation. The natural right of Russia to the full use of the Dardanelles is clear, while the political right of Turkey to limit or destroy that right rests solely upon her ability. The Treaty of Paris closed the Dardanelles for the benefit of Turkey. But the war has destroyed the treaty as between Russia and Turkey. Is there good reason for any other of the signatories of the treaty to maintain by force an arrangement made for the benefit of Turkey, and which Turkey has, for itself, destroyed? Three of the European powers will not do so. Will England undertake it alone, when no power in the world is more interested in supporting the right of free navigation? She is endeavoring to secure the neutralization of the Suez Canal in time of war. If this means only that it shall be open to all belligerents equally, subject to the condition that it shall not be made the theatre of war nor be willfully damaged, it is not an unwise policy, but it is inconsistent with that which demands the closing of the Dardanelles. The writer assumes that Russia will of course require the opening of the Dardanelles, and that she is not debarred by the Treaty of Paris, if she succeeds in the war, while her right under the law of nations is at least an open question. The probable damage to England is imaginary, and therefore she ought to withdraw from a doubtful position which she could not maintain.

The British interests that would be injured by the opening of the straits have not been distinctly defined. If the mere extension of the limits of Russian authority or the reduction of Turkish power is to be resented and opposed, any change in the map of Europe would justify interference. But as England has looked with equanimity upon the results of the Prussian and Austrian and of the German and French wars, she will probably regard those of the Russian and Turkish conflict with similar composure.

## SOUTHERN PATRIOTISM.

IT is very desirable for honest and patriotic citizens in the Northern States to know that there are citizens of the same kind in the Southern States, even among Democrats; and it is by a common good understanding among such citizens that the national faith is to be maintained and a true union cemented. Senator HILL, of Georgia, for instance, has been recently expressing sentiments the sincerity of which there is no more reason to doubt than there is to doubt the word of any other public man in the country. They are worthy of any loyal American citizen, and if the man who utters them holds other opinions which are unsound, and belongs to a party which does not command the confidence of an intelligent part of the country, he is not to be denounced and reviled as hostile either to the Union or to the national honor.

"As a matter of policy, I protest that the Southern people shall not be put in the attitude of even apparent hostility to the national credit. Nothing can more surely prevent the return of the Democratic party to power than such a position by the Southern wing of that party. Looking at the question as a matter of policy, outside of all principle, I do trust that the Southern people will place themselves where their interests lie—in the position of absolute fidelity to the national credit. It is easy to make the Northern people believe that we are willing to depreciate the national credit, and even to repudiate the national debt. It is natural that they should believe we have no fondness for that debt, and their politicians will be quick to make use of that natural feeling for the purpose of consolidating the North against the South. I believe for one that we are under every obligation of honor as well as interest to stand by the national credit and pay the national debt to the last farthing. I think an unmistakable position on this line upon the part of the South will do more to answer the slanders of Northern politicians than any thing else we can possibly do. I will say, in all kindness, that while I know they do not intend it, every Democrat who is now insisting upon continuing on the country an irredeemable paper currency and establishing the unlimited free coinage of silver, with a view to the payment of our national debt, is doing the most effective work possible to secure a continuance in power of the Republican party in the election of 1880."

In a recent letter, also, to an editor in Iowa who asked about the payment of pensions to Confederate soldiers, Senator HILL replies that he does not know any Southern public man who entertains such an idea in any possible contingency, and he continues:

"It is often said that if the Southern Democracy obtain the power, they will claim pay for their slaves and for their Confederate debts, etc., and yet every 'debt, obligation, and claim' of this kind is expressly declared 'illegal and void' by the fourth section of the Fourteenth Amendment. So it is often said we will refuse to pay the pensions to the Federal soldiers, and yet the same section of the Fourteenth Amendment expressly declares that the public debt of the United States, including the pensions and bounties, 'shall never be questioned.' And I tell you now the Southern Senators and Representatives never will question them, but will always pay them cheerfully, faithfully, and liberally."

Upon this probable action we hold that the assurance of Senator HILL is quite as important and weighty as that of any Northern Republican. It does not follow that it is desirable to bring into control of the government a party whose leaders feel it necessary to make such assertions, but it does follow that those who honestly hold such views are not to be stigmatized as dangerous men. Undoubtedly the honest payment of the debt and an honest regard for the amended Constitution are more assured by Republican than by Democratic ascendency; but he is a poor American, whether he be Republican or Democrat, who does not hear with pleasure these words of Senator HILL.

## PERSONAL.

IN General RICHARD TAYLOR'S interesting "Reminiscences of the Civil War," published in the January number of the *North American Review*, occurs this curious "personal" of a very American young man, whom the general first met in the Mexican war: "Visiting the hospital of a recently joined volunteer corps from the States, I noticed a beautiful bright-eyed boy of some eighteen years, down with disease, but cheery withal. The interest he inspired led to his removal to army head-quarters, where he soon recovered, and became a pet. This was ROBERT WHEAT, son of an Episcopal clergyman of Alexandria, on the Potomac, who had run away from school to come to the war. He next went to Cuba with LOPEZ, was wounded and captured, but escaped the garrote to follow WALKER to Nicaragua. Exhausting the capacities of South American patriots to *pronounce*, he quitted their society in disgust, and joined GARIBALDI in Italy, whence his keen scent of combat summoned him in convenient time to receive a bullet at Manassas....Some months afterward he was captured in Virginia. The colonel of the regiment strode along with the nonchalant air of one who had wooed Dame Fortune too long to be cast down by her frowns. Suddenly Major WHEAT, near by, sprang from his horse with a cry of 'PERCY, old boy!' 'Why, BOB?' was echoed back, and a warm embrace was exchanged. Colonel PERCY WYNDHAM, an Englishman in the Federal service, had last parted from WHEAT in Italy or some other country where the pleasant business of 'killing' was going on, and now fraternized with his friend in the manner described. Poor WHEAT! A month later, and he slept his last sleep on the bloody field of Cold Harbor."

—The Roman history used by COWPER, the poet, is now owned by a gentleman of Troy, New York. There are notes by COWPER on the margin written in English and Latin.

—Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL, the builder of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has offered to convert the Coliseum at Rome into a world's fair building at the trifling expense of stretching a velarium over the top and putting in new benches.

—The leading Jewish pastors in the city of New York receive the following salaries: Dr. GOTTHEIL, $10,000; Dr. EINHOM, $8000; Dr. HUEBSH, $6000; Dr. JACOBS, $5000.

—Judge JEREMIAH S. BLACK, formerly United States Attorney-General, and just now in New York as counsel for the contestants in the VANDERBILT will case, is thus described: "He is large-framed and vigorous, though spare rather than fleshy, and his iron-gray wig surmounts very deceptively his high square head. He has a slightly sloping forehead, bursting 'perceptives,' and small shrewd blue eyes arched over with white and foxy brows, and his face is close shaven. His square lower jaw gives a truthful impression of strong combative force; but, on the whole, I was well pleased with this shrewd old lawyer." The judge has a great dislike to ordering from a bill of fare when at dinner, and his usual direction to an attendant is, "Bring me any thing that is proper for a civilized being to eat." When his cup becomes empty, he will say ingratiatingly to the nearest colored man, "My fellow-citizen, will you please fill my cup?"

—General ROBERT TOOMBS, who soon goes to Europe to see the Paris Exhibition, remarked to a friend a few days ago: "It will be the third Paris Exposition that I will have attended. I attended the Exposition of 1855 as a Senator, I attended the Exposition of 1867 as a refugee, and I am going to this one as a gentleman."

—Dean STANLEY is constantly doing what up to this day has been regarded as the most undeanly of all things British. His sermon a few days since, which almost unchurched the Establishment, was equalled by his late invitation to the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON, an eminent Congregationalist, to preach in the nave of Westminster Abbey at the special services on St. Andrew's Day. It will be remembered that the dean horrified most English Churchmen by inviting Professor MAX MÜLLER, a layman, to speak in the Abbey. Next he asked Dr. CAIRD, of the Scotch Kirk, one of the Queen's chaplains, and author of that fine sermon on "The Religion of Common Life." Next he invited Dr. MOFFAT, the veteran missionary and father-in-law to Dr. LIVINGSTONE. What will be done next by this rich and talented dean, the personal friend of the Queen, the titular head of Westminster Abbey, who can snap his fingers at his Grace of Canterbury and his Lordship of London, is one of those things clerical that no lay fellow can find out.

—The Duke of Portland, who has been among the most liberal contributors for the relief of the sick and wounded in the East, is a hypochondriac of seventy, with an income of $750,000 a year. He suffers from a disfiguring malady, and lives in great seclusion. He has a superb country residence—Welbeck Abbey—in Nottinghamshire, and a vast, gloomy mansion in Cavendish Square, London. The duke can not bear to be seen, and has erected at the back of his house an immense screen of iron and glass which completely prevents the neighbors from gratifying their curiosity. It is said that after dark he may be seen pacing the garden in the midst of Cavendish Square. Neither he nor his brothers, all dead, ever married. One of them, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, who was cut off in his prime, was the hope of the Tory party, and the first "turfite" in England.

—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, M.P., and famous in England as a temperance man, says that a jail chaplain once told him that in his experience only one teetotaler was ever brought before him, and that was a man who thrashed his wife for getting drunk.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. SMITH, the great English news-vendor and First Lord of the Admiralty, recently remarked that "the inventive faculties of men are now almost wholly devoted to destruction, and I daily receive more suggestions of a murderous character than I can deal with."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Legislature organized on the 1st inst. General James W. Husted was chosen Speaker of the Assembly by 64 votes, Mr. Erastus Brooks receiving 55. Mr. James W. Vrooman was elected Clerk of the Senate. Governor Robinson sent in his Message, and also nominated ex-Attorney-General Fairchild to be Superintendent of Public Works, and Dr. Austin Flint, Jun., to be Health Officer of the Port of New York. Senator Sessions introduced a bill to repeal the State act for the resumption of specie payments in 1879.—On the 2d, Assemblyman Hayes introduced an important bill "to secure better public administration in the local government of the city of New York." It combines features of the Fish-Woodin Charter, the Finance Bill, the Salary Bill, and the Omnibus Bill of the last session, together with features entirely new which aim at economy. Two excise bills and a resolution against the repeal of the Resumption Act were also introduced in the Assembly. Both Houses adjourned until the 8th.

Two tons of nitro-glycerine exploded, on the morning of the 2d inst., while being loaded into a railroad car near Negaunee, Lake Superior. Seven men were killed, and considerable property was destroyed.

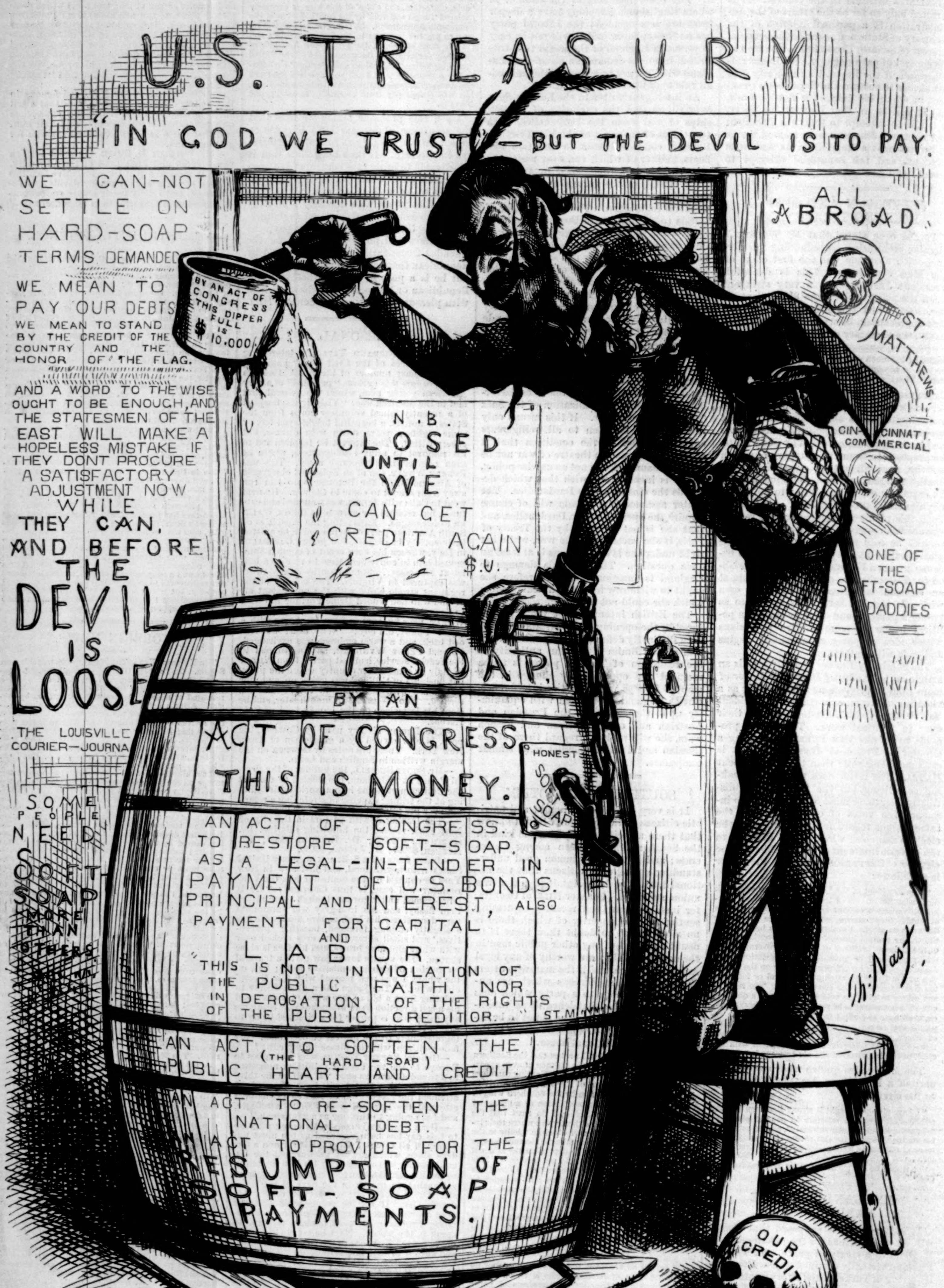
Three United States revenue officers made an expedition in Union County, South Carolina, on the 27th ult., and discovered tobacco stamps in the possession of a man named Gibbs. They seized a wagon, one horse, a mule, and eight boxes of tobacco, and with three prisoners started to return to Spartanburg. When they had proceeded about four miles, and were at West's Store, they came suddenly upon a rifle company, who were armed with Winchester rifles and pistols, and were partly mounted. There were about two hundred men in this company, and about twenty-five of them were uniformed. They shouted, "Release him! release him!" and surrounded the United States officers, and a long wrangle ensued, in which the officers endeavored to retain their prisoners and captured property, but were compelled by threats and various demonstrations to remove the handcuffs and release the prisoners, property, and stamps.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The Russians are marching on Sophia. On the 31st, General Gourkho fought a severe battle at Tashesan, and captured the Turkish intrenchments, with a loss of 700 men. The Turks retreated at nightfall toward Sophia, pursued by cavalry. After a halt for rest and reorganization, General Gourkho resumed the advance.—Mukhtar Pasha has arrived at Constantinople. Suleiman Pasha telegraphs that the army from Kamarli has arrived safely at Sloditza. Baker Pasha, with six battalions and four guns, covered its retreat, sustaining, throughout the 1st inst., attacks from thirty battalions of Russians, with ten guns, inflicting heavy loss. Baker Pasha lost 600 killed.—The Russians continue concentrating troops on the plain of Erzerum. Movements on the Deve-Boyun heights are visible from the Turkish fortifications. Four Russian infantry battalions and a regiment of dragoons have occupied the village of Ozin, near the road to Trebizond. Every preparation has been made at Erzerum for a prolonged siege.—A Bucharest dispatch, referring to the losses and suffering caused by the heavy snow-storms, says: "Nine hundred horses perished in the vicinity of Sistova during the recent storm. The total loss of draught animals must be numbered by thousands. Details are slowly coming in concerning the sufferings of the Turkish prisoners. From Plevna, on their way to Roumania, the prisoners were unaccompanied by any vehicle for the purpose of picking up those who fell by the way-side. These were left by the guards to freeze, as they had no means of carrying them, and to halt would only have been to increase the number of victims. The absence of wagons was not due to deliberate cruelty, but to that thoughtlessness which so frequently subjects Russian soldiers to unnecessary suffering. I learn through Roumanian officers, who came from Nikopol to Plevna after the passage of these prisoners, that they drove against a number of dead bodies in the snow. No provision was made in the Bulgarian villages for the proper sustenance of the captives; but when the Danube was passed, supplies in abundance were provided, and from that time their lot was never hard to bear."—The Servians, on the 29th ult., captured Pirot, a town about thirty-five English miles southeast of Nissa, with a quantity of guns and ammunition, including twenty-three cannon and 1000 rifles. The Servian loss in killed was 700 men.

At the request of the Sultan, the British government has inquired of Russia if she would be willing to enter into peace negotiations. The Russian reply is said to have been that if the Turks desire an armistice, they must apply directly to the Russian commander-in-chief. The British Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, said to a deputation of South African merchants, on the 2d inst., in regard to the probability of England becoming involved in a European war, that he did not think, in spite of the fall of Plevna, that there had been any material change in the situation since Lord Derby's reassuring speech in November; that the attitude of the government therefore remained the same—watchful of all real British interests, friendly toward other nations, and neutral toward the belligerents; that although the government were not prepared to bolster up Turkish interests as such, they were resolved to have a voice in the settlement of this question whenever it came on for settlement; that England had not, as supposed, offered to mediate, but had merely conveyed overtures of peace from one belligerent to the other. The earl declared that he wholly disagreed with the notion that Russia's answer to those overtures was any affront or insult to England. The following is the most important passage in the address: "I hope sincerely that the Russian government and people will remember that many of the questions arising at this moment are questions not for settlement by the two belligerents alone. They involve European interests—they are European questions—and we, as a member of the European family, have not only the right to be heard upon them, but it is very important that we should have a distinct voice in the final decision of them. I do not feel any difficulty in reconciling these two views, provided only there is reasonable management and moderation on each side."

Minister Waddington has notified the foreign governments that the French cabinet will, in the event of a Conclave, conform to the understanding subsisting among the four Catholic powers. As regards the internal ecclesiastical policy of France, it will defend the public worship estimates from those wishing to assail them, but will protect secular society against clerical encroachments.




"IDEAL MONEY."

"Universal Suffrage can, if it likes, repudiate the whole debt; it can, if it likes, decree soft-soap to be currency."—*The Louisville Courier-Journal.*

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

# The History of a Crime.

## THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

### II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

### VI.—(*Continued*).

#### THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE.

A member requested that in the first place the meeting should declare itself to be the National Assembly, and constitute itself by immediately appointing a President and Secretaries. I remarked that there was no need to declare ourselves the Assembly; that we were the Assembly by right as well as in fact, and the whole Assembly, our absent colleagues being detained by force; that the National Assembly, although mutilated by the *Coup d'État*, ought to preserve its entity, and remain constituted afterward in the same manner as before; that to appoint another President and another staff of Secretaries would be to give Louis Bonaparte an advantage over us, and to acknowledge in some manner the Dissolution; that we ought to do nothing of the sort; that our decrees should be published, not with the signature of a President, whoever he might be, but with the signature of all the members of the Left who had not been arrested; that they would thus carry with them full authority over the People, and full effect. They relinquished the idea of appointing a President. Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and our resolutions should be drawn up, not with the formula, "The National Assembly decrees," etc, but with the formula, "The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty decree," etc. In this manner we should preserve all the authority attached to the office of the Representatives of the People without associating the arrested Representatives with the responsibility of our actions. This formula had the additional advantage of separating us from the Right. The people knew that the only Representatives remaining free were the members of the Left. They adopted Noël Parfait's advice.

I read aloud the decree of deposition. It was couched in these words:

"Declaration.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution, which runs as follows:

"'Art. 68.—Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the Assembly, prorogues it, or obstructs the exercise of its authority, is a crime of High Treason.

"'By this action alone the President is deposed from his office; the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience; the executive power passes by right to the National Assembly; the judges of the High Court of Justice should meet together immediately under penalty of treason, and convoke the juries in a place which they shall appoint to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices'—

"Decree:

"Art. I.—Louis Bonaparte is deposed from his office of President of the Republic.

"Art. II.—All citizens and public officials are bound to refuse him obedience under penalty of complicity.

"Art. III.—The judgment drawn up on December 2 by the High Court of Justice, and which declares Louis Bonaparte attainted with the Crime of High Treason, shall be published and executed. Consequently the civil and military authorities are summoned, under penalty of Treason, to lend their active assistance to the execution of the said judgment.

"Given at Paris, in permanent session, December 3, 1851."

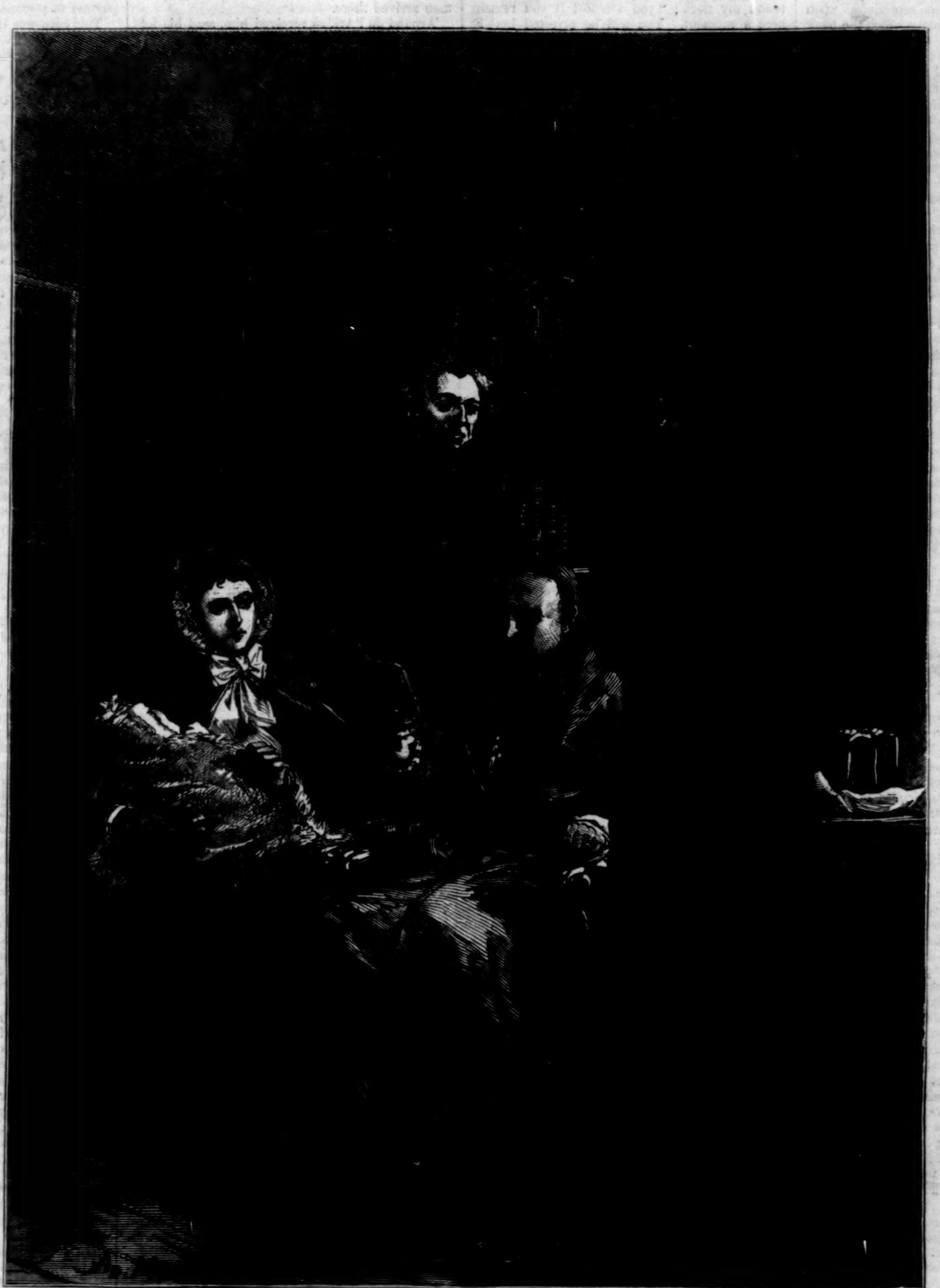
The decree having been read, and voted unanimously, we signed it, and the Representatives crowded round the table to add their signatures to ours. Sain remarked that this signing took time; that, in addition, we numbered barely more than sixty, a large number of the members of the Left being at work in the streets in insurrection. He asked if the Committee, who had full powers from the whole of the Left, had any objection to attach to the decree the names of all the Republican Representatives remaining at liberty—the absent, as well as those present. We answered that the decree signed by all would assuredly better answer its purpose. Besides, it was the counsel which I had already given. Bancel had in his pocket an old number of the *Moniteur* containing the result of a division.

They cut out a list of the names of the members of the Left, the names of those who were arrested were erased, and the list was added to the decree.*

The name of Émile de Girardin upon this list caught my eye. He was still present.

"Do you sign this decree?" I asked him.

"Unhesitatingly."



THE ARCHBISHOP AND MADAME ARNAUD.

"Madame Arnaud handed to M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman."

"In that case will you consent to print it?"

"Immediately."

He continued:

"Having no longer any presses, as I have told you, I can only print it as a handbill, and with the brush. It takes a long time, but by eight o'clock this evening you shall have five hundred copies."

"And," continued I, "you persist in refusing to print the appeal to arms?"

"I do persist."

A second copy was made of the decree, which Émile de Girardin took away with him.

The deliberation was resumed. At each moment Representatives came in and brought items of news: Amiens in insurrection—Rheims and Rouen in motion, and marching on Paris—General Canrobert resisting the *Coup d'État*—General Castellane hesitating—the Minister of the United States demanding his passports. We placed little faith in these rumors, and facts proved that we were right.

Meanwhile Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree, which he proposed, and which was immediately adopted:

"DECREE.

"FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*Liberty—Equality—Fraternity.*

"The undersigned Representatives remaining at liberty, assembled in permanent session;

"Considering the arrests of the majority of our colleagues, and the urgency of the moment;

"Considering that, for the accomplishment of his crime, Louis Bonaparte has not contented himself with multiplying the most formidable means of destruction against the lives and property of the citizens of Paris, that he has trampled under foot every law, that he has annihilated all the guarantees of civilized nations;

"Considering that these criminal madnesses only serve to augment the violent denunciation of every conscience and to hasten the hour of national vengeance, but that it is important to proclaim the Right;

"Decree:

"Art. I.—The state of siege is raised in all Departments where it has been established; the ordinary laws resume their authority.

"Art. II.—It is enjoined upon all military leaders, under penalty of Treason, immediately to lay down the extraordinary powers which have been conferred upon them.

"Art. III.—Officials and agents of the public force are charged, under penalty of Treason, to put this present decree into execution.

"Given in permanent session, December 3, 1851."

Madier de Montjau and De Flotte entered. They came from outside. They had been in all the districts where the conflict was proceeding, they had seen with their own eyes the hesitation of a part of the population in the presence of these words, "The Law of the 31st May is abolished; Universal Suffrage is re-established." The placards of Louis Bonaparte were manifestly working mischief. It was necessary to oppose effort to effort, and to neglect nothing which could open the eyes of the people.

I dictated the following proclamation:

"Proclamation.

"People! you are being deceived.

"Louis Bonaparte says that he has re-established you in your rights, and that he restores to you Universal Suffrage.

"Louis Bonaparte has lied.

"Read his placards. He grants you—what infamous mockery!—the right of conferring on him, on him *alone*, the Constituent power; that is to say, the Supreme power, which belongs to you. He grants you the right to appoint him Dictator *for ten years*. In other words, he grants you the right of abdicating and of crowning him. A right which even you do not possess, O People! for one generation can not dispose of the sovereignty of the generation which shall follow it.

"Yes, he grants to you, Sovereign, the right of giving yourself a master, and that master himself.

"Hypocrisy and treason!

"People! we unmask the hypocrite. It is for you to punish the traitor!

"The Committee of Resistance:

"Jules Favre, De Flotte, Carnot, Madier de Montjau, Mathieu (de la Drôme), Michel (de Bourges), Victor Hugo."

Baudin had fallen heroically. It was necessary to let the People know of his death, and to honor his memory. The decree below was voted on the proposition of Michel de Bourges:

"Decree.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, considering that the Representative Baudin has died on the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine for the Republic and for the laws, and that he has deserved well of his country,

Decree:

"That the honors of the Panthéon are adjudged to Representative Baudin.

"Given in permanent session, December 3, 1851."

After honors to the dead, and the needs of the conflict, it was necessary, in my opinion, to enunciate immediately and dictatorially some great popular benefit. I proposed the abolition of the *octroi* duties and of the duty on liquors. This objection was raised: "No caresses to the People! After victory, we will see. In the mean time, let them fight! If they do not fight, if they do not rise, if they do not understand that it is for them, for their rights, that we, the Representatives, that we risk our heads at this moment—if they leave us alone at the breach, in the presence of the *Coup d'État*, it is because they are not worthy of Liberty!" Bancel remarked that the abolition of the *octroi* duties and the duty on liquors was not a caress to the People, but succor to the poor—a great economical and reparatory measure—a satisfaction to the public demand—a satisfaction which the Right had always obstinately refused, and that the Left, master of the situation, ought to hasten to accord. They voted, with the reservation that it should not be published until after victory, the two decrees in one, in this form:

"Decree.

"The Representatives remaining at liberty

Decree:

"The *Octroi* Duties are abolished throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic.

"Given in permanent session, December 3, 1851."

Versigny, with a copy of the Proclamations and of the Decree, left in search of Hetzel. Labrousse also left with the same object. They settled to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of the former member of the Provisional Government, Marie, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

As the members of the Committee and the

* This list, which belongs to History, having served as the base of the proscription list, will be found complete in the notes of this book.

Representatives withdrew, I was told that some one had asked to speak to me. I went into a sort of little room attached to the large meeting-room, and I found there a man in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic air. This man had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," he said to me, "you have no printing-office. Here are the means which will enable you to dispense with one."

He unfolded on the mantel-piece the roll which he had in his hand. It was a species of blotting-book, made of very thin blue paper, and which seemed to me to be slightly oiled. Between each leaf of blue paper there was a sheet of white paper. He took out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying, "The first thing to hand will serve your purpose, a nail, or a match," and he traced with his bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic." Then, turning over the leaves, he said, "Look at this."

The word "Republic" was reproduced upon the fifteen or twenty white leaves which the book contained.

He added: "This paper is usually used to trace the designs of manufactured fabrics. I thought that it might be useful at a moment like this. I have at home a hundred books like this on which I can make a hundred copies of what you want—a Proclamation, for instance—in the same space of time that it takes to write four or five. Write something, whatever you may think useful at the present moment, and to-morrow morning five hundred copies shall be posted throughout Paris."

I had none of the documents with me which we had just drawn up. Versigny had gone away with the copies. I took a sheet of paper, and, leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, I wrote the following Proclamation:

"To the Army.

"Soldiers!

"A man has just broken the Constitution. He tears up the oath which he had sworn to the people; he suppresses the Law, stifles Right, stains Paris with blood, chokes France, betrays the Republic!

"Soldiers! this man involves you in his crime.

"There are two things holy: the flag, which represents military honor; and the law, which represents the National Right. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is the flag raised against the Law! Follow no longer the wretched man who misleads you. Of such a crime French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

"This man says he is named Bonaparte. He lies; for Bonaparte is a word which means glory. This man says that he is named Napoleon. He lies; for Napoleon is a word which means genius. As for him, he is obscure and insignificant. Give this wretch up to the law. Soldiers, he is a false Napoleon. A true Napoleon would once more give you a Marengo; he will once more give you a Transnonain.

"Look toward the true function of the French army: to protect the country, to propagate the Revolution, to free the people, to sustain the nationalities, to emancipate the continent, to break chains every where, to protect Right every where; this is your part among the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battle-fields.

"Soldiers! the French army is the advanced guard of humanity.

"Become yourselves again—reflect—acknowledge your faults—rise up! Think of your generals arrested, taken by the collar by galley sergeants and thrown, handcuffed, into robbers' cells! The malefactor who is at the Élysée thinks that the Army of France is a band of mercenaries; that, if they are paid and intoxicated, they will obey. He sets you an infamous task; he causes you to strangle, in this nineteenth century, and in Paris itself, Liberty, Progress, and Civilization. He makes you—you, the children of France—destroy all that France has so gloriously and laboriously built up during three centuries of light and in sixty years of Revolution! Soldiers! you are the 'Grand Army!' Respect the 'Grand Nation!'

"We, citizens; we, Representatives of the People and of yourselves; we, your friends, your brothers; we, who are Law and Right; we, who rise up before you, holding out our arms to you, and whom you strike blindly with your swords—do you know what drives us to despair? It is not to see our blood which flows; it is to see your honor which vanishes.

"Soldiers! one step more in the outrage, one day more with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost before universal conscience. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not generals—they are criminals. The garb of the galley-slave awaits them; see it already on their shoulders. Soldiers! there is yet time—stop! Come back to the country! Come back to the Republic! If you continue, do you know what History will say of you? It will say, 'They have trampled under the feet of their horses and crushed beneath the wheels of their cannon all the laws of their country; they, French soldiers, they have dishonored the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault, by their crime, the name of Napoleon sprinkles as much shame to-day upon France as in other times it has showered glory!'

"French soldiers! cease to render assistance to crime!"

My colleagues of the Committee having left, I could not consult them. Time pressed; I signed:

"For the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, the Representative member of the Committee of Resistance.

"Victor Hugo."

The man in the blouse took away the Proclamation, saying,

"You will see it again to-morrow morning." He kept his word. I found it the next day placarded in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue de l'Homme-Armé and the Chapelle Saint-Denis. To those who were not in the secret of the process it seemed to be written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of going home. When I reached the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, opposite my door, it happened curiously, and by some chance, to be half open. I pushed it, and entered. I crossed the court-yard, and went up stairs without meeting any one.

My wife and my daughter were in the drawing-room round the fire with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly; they were conversing in a low tone. They were talking of Pierre Dupont, the popular song-writer, who had come to me to ask for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, had some pistols by him, and had lent three to Pierre Dupont for the conflict.

Suddenly these ladies turned their heads, and saw me close to them. My daughter screamed. "Oh, go away," cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck; "you are lost if you remain here a moment. You will be arrested here!" Madame Paul Meurice added, "They are looking for you. The police were here a quarter of an hour ago." I could not succeed in reassuring them. They gave me a packet of letters offering me places of refuge for the night, some of them signed with names unknown to me. After some moments, seeing them more and more frightened, I went away. My wife said to me: "What you are doing, you are doing for justice. Go—continue!" I embraced my wife and my daughter; five months have elapsed at the time when I am writing these lines. When I went into exile, they remained near my son Victor in prison; I have not seen them since that day.

I left as I had entered. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children seated round a lamp, laughing and looking at pictures in a book.

## VII.

### The Archbishop.

On this gloomy and tragical day an idea struck one of the people.

It seemed evident to him that the great masses of the people would not rise. Thenceforward it appeared impossible to conquer the *Coup d'État* by a Revolution; it could be only combated by legality. What had been the risk at the beginning became the hope at the end; for he believed the end to be fatal, and at hand. In his opinion, it was necessary, as the people were defaulters, to try now to arouse the middle classes. Let one legion go out in arms, and the Élysée was lost. For this a decisive blow must be struck—the heart of the middle classes must be reached—the "bourgeois" must be inspired by a grand spectacle which should not be a terrifying spectacle.

It was then that this thought came to this workman: "Write to the Archbishop of Paris."

The workman took a pen, and from his humble garret he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris an enthusiastic and earnest letter, in which he, a man of the people and a believer, said this to his bishop. We give the substance of his letter:

"This is a solemn hour; Civil War sets by the ears the Army and the People; blood is being shed. When blood flows, the Bishop goes forth. M. Sibour should follow in the path of M. Affre. The example is great, the opportunity is still greater.

"Let the Archbishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, the Pontifical cross before him, his mitre on his head, go forth in procession through the streets. Let him summon to him the National Assembly and the High Court, the Legislators in their sashes, the Judges in their scarlet robes; let him summon to him the citizens; let him summon to him the soldiers; let him go straight to the Élysée. Let him raise his hand in the name of Justice against the man who is violating the laws, and in the name of Jesus against the man who is shedding blood. Simply with his raised hand he will crush the *Coup d'État.*

"And he will place his statue by the side of M. Affre, and it will be said that twice two Archbishops of Paris have trampled Civil War beneath their feet.

"The Church is holy, but the Country is sacred. There are times when the Church should succor the Country."

The letter being finished, he signed it with his workman's signature.

But now a difficulty arose: how should it be conveyed to its destination?

Take it himself?

But would he, a mere workman in a blouse, be allowed to penetrate to the Archbishop?

And then, in order to reach the Archiepiscopal Palace, he would have to cross those very quarters in insurrection, and where, perhaps, the resistance was still active. He would have to pass through streets obstructed by troops; he would be arrested and searched; his hands smelled of powder, he would be shot, and the letter would not reach its destination.

What was to be done?

At the moment when he had almost despaired of a solution, the name of Arnaud de l'Ariége came to his mind.

Arnaud de l'Ariége was a Representative after his own heart. Arnaud de l'Ariége was a noble character. He was a Catholic Democrat, like the workman. At the Assembly he raised aloft, but he bore nearly alone, that banner, so little followed, which aspires to ally the Democracy with the Church. Arnaud de l'Ariége, young, handsome, eloquent, enthusiastic, gentle, and firm, combined the attributes of the Tribune with the faith of the knight. His open nature, without wishing to detach itself from Rome, worshipped Liberty. He had two principles, but he had not two faces. On the whole, the democratic spirit preponderated in him. He said to me one day, "I give my hand to Victor Hugo. I do not give it to Montalembert."

The workman knew him. He had often written to him, and had sometimes seen him.

Arnaud de l'Ariége lived in a district which had remained almost free.

The workman went there without delay.

Like the rest of us, as has been seen, Arnaud de l'Ariége had taken part in the conflict. Like most of the Representatives of the Left, he had not returned home since the morning of the Second. Nevertheless, on the second day, he thought of his young wife whom he had left without knowing if he should see her again; of his baby of six months old which she was suckling, and which he had not kissed for so many hours; of that beloved hearth, of which at certain moments one feels an absolute need to obtain a fleeting glimpse, he could no longer resist. Arrest, Mazas, the cell, the hulks, the firing party, all vanished; the idea of danger was obliterated; he went home.

It was precisely at that moment that the workman arrived there.

Arnaud de l'Ariége received him, read his letter, and approved of it.

Arnaud de l'Ariége knew the Archbishop of Paris personally.

M. Sibour, a Republican priest appointed Archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac, was the true chief of the Church dreamed of by the liberal Catholicism of Arnaud de l'Ariége. On behalf of the Archbishop, Arnaud de l'Ariége represented in the Assembly that Catholicism which M. De Montalembert perverted. The Democratic Representative and the Republican Archbishop had at times frequent conferences, in which acted as intermediatory the Abbé Maret, an intelligent priest, a friend of the people and of progress, Vicar-General of Paris, who has since been Bishop *in partibus* of Surat. Some days previously Arnaud had seen the Archbishop, and had received his complaints of the encroachments of the Clerical party upon the episcopal authority, and he even proposed shortly to interpellate the Ministry on this subject, and to take the question into the Tribune.

Arnaud added to the workman's letter a letter of introduction, signed by himself, and inclosed the two letters in the same envelope.

But here the same question arose.

How was the letter to be delivered?

Arnaud, for still weightier reasons than those of the workman, could not take it himself.

And time pressed!

His wife saw his difficulty, and quietly said,

"I will take charge of it."

Madame Arnaud de l'Ariége, handsome and quite young, married scarcely two years, was the daughter of the Republican ex-Constituent Guichard: worthy daughter of such a father, and worthy wife of such a husband.

They were fighting in Paris; it was necessary to face the dangers of the streets, to pass among musket-balls, to risk her life.

Arnaud de l'Ariége hesitated.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I will take this letter."

"You yourself?"

"I myself."

"But there is danger."

She raised her eyes and answered,

"Did I make that objection to you when you left me the day before yesterday?"

He kissed her with tears in his eyes, and answered, "Go."

But the police of the *Coup d'État* were suspicious; many women were searched while going through the streets; this letter might be found on Madame Arnaud. Where could this letter be hidden?

"I will take my baby with me," said Madame Arnaud.

She undid the linen of her little girl, hid the letter there, and refastened the swaddling band.

When this was finished, the father kissed his child on the forehead, and the mother exclaimed, laughingly,

"Oh, the little Red! She is only six months old, and she is already a conspirator!"

Madame Arnaud reached the Archbishop's Palace with some difficulty. Her carriage was obliged to take a long round. Nevertheless, she arrived there. She asked for the Archbishop. A woman with a child in her arms could not be a very terrible visitor, and she was allowed to enter.

But she lost herself in court-yards and staircases. She was seeking her way somewhat discouraged when she met the Abbé Maret. She knew him. She addressed him. She told him the object of her expedition. The Abbé Maret read the workman's letter, and was seized with enthusiasm. "This may save all," said he.

He added, "Follow me, madame, I will introduce you."

The Archbishop of Paris was in the room which adjoins his study. The Abbé Maret ushered Madame Arnaud into the study, informed the Archbishop, and a moment later the Archbishop entered. Besides the Abbé Maret, the Abbé Deguerry, the curé of the Madeleine, was with him.

Madame Arnaud handed to M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman. The Archbishop read them, and remained thoughtful.

"What answer am I to take back to my husband?" asked Madame Arnaud.

"Madame," replied the Archbishop, "it is too late. This should have been done before the struggle began. Now, it would be only to risk the shedding of more blood than perhaps has yet been spilled."

The Abbé Deguerry was silent. The Abbé Maret tried respectfully to turn the mind of his bishop toward the grand effort counselled by the workman. He spoke eloquently. He laid great stress upon this argument, that the appearance of the Archbishop would bring about a manifestation of the National Guard, and that a manifestation of the National Guard would compel the Élysée to draw back.

"No," said the Archbishop, "you hope for the impossible. The Élysée will not draw back now. You believe that I should stop the bloodshed—not at all; I should cause it to flow, and that in torrents. The National Guard has no longer any influence. If the legions appeared, the Élysée could crush the legions by the regiments. And then, what is an archbishop in the presence of the Man of the *Coup d'État?* Where is the oath? Where is the sworn faith? Where is the respect for Right? A man does not turn back when he has made three steps in such a crime. No! no! Do not hope. This man will do all. He has struck the Law in the hand of the Representative. He will strike God in mine."

And he dismissed Madame Arnaud with the look of a man overwhelmed with sorrow.

Let us do the duty of the Historian. Six weeks afterward, in the Church of Notre Dame, some one was singing the *Te Deum* in honor of the treason of December—thus making God a partner in a crime.

This man was the Archbishop Sibour.

[to be continued.]

## THE COMING MAN.

By CHARLES READE.

### LETTER I.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

Sir,—When a journal is read by a population, who shall fix its bounds, and say, "Your topics shall be limited, though your circulation is unlimited?" No: Quot lectores tot sententiæ.

I hope my theory is sound, for I am going to carry it to the end of the chain. Hereafter I may ask leave to warn the great Anglo-Saxon family against certain oligarchies or cliques that are undermining freedom and justice; but to-day I go wider, and beg a stray column from the noisy nothings of the day to improve mankind.

Man is an animal composed of body and mind, body predominating, and that far more than strikes men of letters, for these live much among a select few who cultivate the understanding night and day.

Mind, on a large scale, is seen at its best in what, looking backward, we call civilized nations. Then let us take England, not that future ages will call our England civilized, but because, meantime, there is little choice among rotten apples. I take England for convenience as a specimen, not a peculiar peninsula.

Well, the heart of every civilized nation lies in its pocket. To know its real mind you must first turn a deaf ear to every word of sonorous sentiment it delivers, and then look how it spends its money. Barbarous nations have no money.

Now the vital food of a civilized mind is printed matter, of a civilized body is meal, meat, vegetables, and water; and these are the great expenses of every nation. Clothing to suit the climate is also a necessary of civilized man.

But outside these urgent and natural needs, observe the unequal outlay upon mind and body. Ten times as much money goes in adulterated spirits—a hurtful luxury of the body—as in printed matter—a necessary of the mind. Millions of houses don't buy a journal (sixpence per week), yet spend a shilling every day in gin. What am I saying? Why, Englishmen spend twice as much in the mere *tax* on tobacco as they do in all the books and newspapers. Yet the newspaper, when it has fed the mind, has still some value as matter, being as much paper as a man can buy retail for three farthings, and he bought the journal retail for a penny.

As for our civilized women, they spend next to none of *their own money* in mental food. They are, as a sex, economical and even parsimonious till they pass a draper's, and then exit economy and enter the worst waste. On to their backs go their incomes; and even in needless and ugly additions to their clothing, and in distorting their ears—those perfect shells—with ear-rings, and crushing their vitals with corsets that redden their noses and disease their bodies, and in dyes that burn their hair, and piles of dead hair that rub the live hair off their skulls where no forethought is, they spend, without exaggeration, three hundred times more money than they do in printed matter, which is the vital food and wholesome nutriment of the civilized mind, whether male or female.

Were the learned universities to vie in poetry or philosophic disputation upon Barnes Bridge, would any ten cockneys leave Bishopsgate Street for that? But let nine muscular muses from the Cam compete with nine more from the Isis in rowing and steering, and behold both banks of the river thick and black with men and blue with women! For why? The competition of those learned souls is *bodily.* The broader bosom of American waters tells the same tale when so many fair seats of learning send forth competition—muscle.

I am not here to bay at the moon, nor even to howl at her intellectual satellite, the world. I can not change the current value of mind and body in civilized nations. All I say is, "Then let us be consistent; if the body is nine parts of the human being, let us cultivate it with all our little souls. Don't let so small a fragment of our entity as the mind surprise our sacred bodies in poor defenseless childhood, and with mere mental prejudices and inaccuracies of language set on credulous women to deteriorate those tender, delicate bodies, and make us lop-handed and one-armed, or nearly, *before we know where we are.*"

No, Sir; it is time that improbable assertions and barefaced prejudices, which rest upon mere repetition, should be thrown into the crucible of experience along with the conjectures of the day. If they stand that test, hats off to them, since they are old, yet not silly; if they can not stand that test, why, then, they are lies, and the older any lie is the more honor to the man who kills it.

In a word, Sir, I believe that "the coming man"

is the "EITHER-HANDED MAN"—that is to say, neither "right-handed" nor "left-handed," but a man rescued in time from parroted mothers, cuckoo nurses, and starling nursing-maids, with their pagan nursery rhymes and their pagan prejudices against the left hand; in short, a man as perfect in his limbs as his Creator intended, who has been a deal kinder to man than man has been to himself; for it is all man's own doing that he is any more semiplegiac or lop-limbed than a lion, a racoon, a fox, a tiger, or an ape.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

2 Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, London.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CAPTAIN POLANDER, who commanded the *Polhelm*, that wintered on the north coast of Spitzbergen in 1872–73, will have charge of the whaling steamer *Vega*, which has been purchased and is being fitted out for a voyage in 1878 along the coast of Siberia, hoping to reach Behring Strait, thence along the coast of Asia, and home by way of the Suez Canal. The entire party will consist of about thirty persons. Professor NORDENSKJÖLD will be the chief of the scientific corps. There will be, in addition, two mates, a surgeon, and three or four specialists in physical and natural science. The expense of the equipment will be borne by the Swedish government, the King of Sweden, Mr. OSCAR DICKSON, of Gothenburg, and Mr. SIBERIAKOFF.

The expedition will sail from Tromsöe or Hammerfest about the 1st of July, and thence proceed by way of Nova Zembla to the Sea of Kara. Continuing the voyage, it expects to arrive at the mouth of the Yenisei about the beginning of August, and thence onward to Cape Chelyuskin, that far over a well-known track. Beyond this, however, there is a stretch of coast along which no vessel has sailed, and it is here that the uncertainties, if not the difficulties, of the voyage will begin. They hope, however, to get to Behring Sea by the end of September.

If the opportunity permits, they will make a lateral detour northward, first with a view of ascertaining whether there be any land between Cape Chelyuskin and New Siberia, and then to determine some facts in regard to Wrangell's Land. Should there be any insuperable difficulties in the way of reaching Behring Strait, the vessel will return to Europe, either directly or after wintering at some suitable port.

A circular published by Count WILZEK and Lieutenant WEYPRECHT has been extensively distributed, with a view of calling attention to their plans of prosecuting arctic research by means of shore stations, and in which they desire the concurrence of Denmark, England, Russia, and the United States.

The special object is to obtain a set of observations of the physical history of the north, to extend over an entire year, and they hope to see stations established on the north coasts of Greenland and Nova Zembla, at North Cape in Finmark, at the mouth of the Lena in Siberia, at Point Barrow, at one of the Danish settlements in Greenland, and on the east coast of Greenland, near 75° north.

Messrs. D'ALBERTIS and BECCARI started, on the 24th of October, for a year's voyage around the world, visiting Egypt, India, China, Japan, and North America on their route. These gentlemen are well known in connection with important zoological discoveries made in New Guinea, and their present object is to collect a series of typical illustrations of the faunas of the countries they are about traversing, for the museums in Italy.

Among other cases of the utilization of waste products formerly rejected is that of the establishment of oil and guano works at Morbihan, France, for converting the refuse of the sardine factories into commercial products. The heads and intestines are drained of their liquids, which are used directly as manure in the neighborhood. The solid residue is then cooked for several hours, and subjected to a severe pressure, which drives off all the liquid portion and leaves the residuum in the form of a solid cake. The oil is collected from the former, and the latter is ground into powder. Sometimes this cake is mixed with sea-weeds. The processes are very similar to those employed in the United States for many years in converting menhaden and herring into useful products.

Several writers have lately called attention to the very important part played by the earth-worm in reducing the soil to a condition suited for vegetation, ascribing to it, indeed, almost the first place in this respect. Among other processes by which this is effected is the burying of vegetable matter in the soil in large quantity, by means of which it is held in position, by its decay tending to gradually produce the proper amount of humus. To the earth-worm, too, is attributed a great agency in planting the seeds of forest trees; these, being distributed over a wide extent of country, would perish or be devoured by animals but for the direct action of the earth-worm in their burial.

It is announced that the French will send an expedition to San Francisco to observe the next transit of Mercury, which will take place on the 6th of May, 1878.

Mademoiselle HENRIETTA CERF, author of various articles on the botany of Kent and Belgium, died at Brussels on the 22d of October.

Another victim to the zeal for African exploration is announced in the death of Dr. ERWIN VON BARY, who has been prosecuting investigations in the interior of the Sahara, at the expense of funds provided in Germany. Beginning in August, 1876, he completed the first stage of his investigations, and returned to Berber in order to recruit and prepare for a more extended research, but died on the 2d of October from the effects of exposure and privations.

A new process, invented by SYMES, for making coal gas has been attracting some attention in England. It is claimed to be produced in larger quantity, with superior illuminating power, than by the common method, and practically free from sulphur and ammonia. It is maintained that the manufacture can be carried on by unskilled labor, and without annoyance to the neighborhood. The yield of gas per ton amounts to 13,000 cubic feet, instead of 10,000, the usual allowance, and it is certified to contain less than three grains of sulphur per hundred cubic feet. The cost of manufacture is estimated at about thirty-six cents per thousand cubic feet.

The decease of the Marquis ANTINORI, an eminent Italian explorer in Africa, is announced, but as yet not fully credited.

Mr. FRANCIS VON ROSTHORN died on the 17th of June last, at the age of eighty.

The present season has been a very good one for giant squid, no less than three having been reported as cast ashore on the northern side of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. One of these was the specimen which is now on exhibition in the New York Aquarium, where it justly attracts so much attention.

A still larger specimen, however, was stranded in Trinity Bay on the 21st of November. This when first seen on the beach was alive and struggling to escape, having come ashore at high tide. A furrow about thirty feet long and of considerable depth was plowed up by the streams of water it ejected from its siphon. The long arms measured thirty-three feet in length, and the shorter arms were estimated at thirteen feet, and of the thickness of a man's thigh. The body was eleven feet long. The specimen was, therefore, considerably larger than the one in the New York Aquarium.

Ignorant of the commercial value of giant squid, the captors did nothing beyond cutting it open, from an idle curiosity to see what might be the contents of the stomach. It is not impossible that the exertions of Mr. HARVEY may secure some portions of the animal for preservation.

Another specimen was also cast ashore in Trinity Bay, in October, and, from the accounts given of it, was even larger than the two referred to.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

JANUARY, 1878.

*Sunday*, 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
*Friday*, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
*Sunday*, 27.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

THE discussion of the formulas of Church doctrine and their validity for the present time still goes on in Scotland and in New England. The *Christian World*, of London, which favors a revision of the creeds, in its number for December 21 says, "Opinions respecting the Confession are freely given in Scotland, and in many quarters it is felt that the time has come for all to speak out fearlessly, and say whether they are prepared to preach in terms of the Confession, whether they desire a revision, or whether they would prefer a shelving of the document, and the substitution of a short and simple creed." It should be said, however, that the agitators of revision are a minority even in the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. In New England the doctrinal formula most questioned is that in relation to future punishment. The Rev. Dr. MARK HOPKINS, ex-president of Williams College, explains the decision of the council called to examine the Rev. Mr. MUNGER, the proposed pastor of the Congregational Church at North Adams, Massachusetts. Mr. MUNGER read to the council a carefully prepared paper, in which he disputed the assumption that the majority of mankind will in a future state be lost. But, says Dr. HOPKINS, "Mr. MUNGER prefaced this statement by an explicit declaration of his full acceptance of the creed of the church over which he was to be installed. That creed is substantially the one adopted by the National Council of 1865 at Plymouth, and is clear in its statement of the doctrine of future punishment." In all these discussions a careful distinction should be made between what is held as belief and what is held only as opinion.

The Lutheran Free Diet, which met in Philadelphia December 28 and 29, was well attended. The essays read moved chiefly on two lines—the exposition of the historic priority of the Lutheran Confession, and the examination of the relations of Lutherans in the United States to each other and to other denominations. In relation to the second line of investigation, Dr. KRAUTH thus described the religious denominations of the country: "They cover nearly every leading form of Christianity and its distortions, and a vast number of its smallest bodies—parasites, and parasites of parasites." It should not be forgotten, however, that many of the smaller and peculiar religious bodies in the United States came from the land of LUTHER. With the exception of a very few, they are not outgrowths of American life.

The Pope is occupying his time during illness in assorting his correspondence, a part of which he has destroyed, and a part will intrust to the Cardinal CAMERLENGO for his successor. As to his health, the latest reports are that "he lies helpless in bed, and though in possession of his mental faculties, he endures great physical suffering, from which he is expecting and even wishing a speedy release."

The Liberals of England show a disposition to adopt the Nonconformist programme, and to use it as a means of recovering power. In two addresses delivered in Scotland the Marquis of Hartington expressed himself in favor of disestablishing the Scotch Church whenever that question should become a leading one in the country. That the question of Scotch disestablishment may come into prominence is not at all unlikely, for the Kirk does not represent the half of the Scotch people. Lord HARTINGTON has not, however, been seconded by his colleagues; indeed, while the Eastern war lasts, foreign affairs will preoccupy the attention of the people of England.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* reports that a petition signed by 25,000 persons has been presented to the King of Sweden, "praying that the use of the Holy Communion may be free, or, in other words, that the celebration of the Communion may take place out of the churches, and that the celebrants may be other than persons in holy orders." Most probably the priests and churches referred to are state priests and state churches. The prayer of the petitioners has been refused.

The London *Athenæum* states that permission has at length been obtained by Mr. RASSAM to prosecute the search for the Assyrian remains at Konyungik, which was suspended by the death of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, of the British Museum.

The ANTONELLI will case came before the Roman Civil Tribunal, and was argued in one day (December 6). The decision of the court is expected in February. The opinion is freely expressed that it will deny the claim of the Countess LAMBERTINI. Against the fact, popularly accepted, that she is the cardinal's daughter, are the other facts that the registers of baptism and marriage describe her as the daughter of ANGELO and ANTONIA MARCONI. The other alleged mother was not named by the plaintiff.

The Rev. H. H. KELLOGG, one of the pastors of Chicago, gives the following testimonies as to the permanence of the reform work of Mr. MOODY among the intemperate of that city. The letter appears in the Burlington *Hawkeye*. "Dr. GIBSON, of the Second Presbyterian Church, says, 'We received over one hundred, and I do not know of one who has dishonored his profession.' Dr. KITTREDGE, of the Third Presbyterian Church, says, 'We received between two and three hundred, and they appear quite as well as the average of any other members.' Dr. THOMPSON, of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, says, 'We received one hundred and fifteen, and all walk worthily. Of these, six were very hard cases of drunkards reformed, all of whom stand firm.'" Mr. KELLOGG also states that Gospel temperance meetings have been held throughout the year in Farwell Hall, and have been attended by hundreds of persons.

WHITTAKER'S London Almanac, a very valuable compilation, presents the following estimate of the numbers adhering to the several forms of religious faith held by the English-speaking peoples all over the world: Episcopalians, 17,500,000; Methodists, 18,500,000; Roman Catholics, 13,250,000; Presbyterians, 10,000,000; Baptists, 8,000,000; Congregationalists, 7,000,000; Unitarians, 1,000,000; minor religious sects, 1,500,000; unclassified, 7,000,000. This makes a total of 78,750,000. The Lutherans are, however, omitted, who must have in this country a population of over 1,500,000. According to the same authority, there are registered in England and Wales 150 (in round numbers) religious sects, and 19,486 places of meeting for religious worship. The state Church has 2 archbishops, 28 bishops, 30 deans, 74 archdeacons, 610 rural deans, and 23,000 clergymen of every class. The number of benefices is 13,000; the annual revenue of the Church is estimated at £8,000,000. The state Church population of England is put at 12,500,000.

The war carried on by Dr. CROSBY against the liquor saloons of New York has been so successful that a strong effort will be made to enact new excise laws at the present session of the Legislature. Bills have already been introduced. It is Dr. CROSBY'S purpose to resist changes which will render the late decision of the Court of Appeals nugatory. Additional excitement has been created by the flight of one of the Excise Commissioners. He was the treasurer of the board, and carried off $40,000 of excise money. The Police Commissioners were also arraigned before the Mayor, who finally decided not to remove them. Throughout the State the temperance revival makes great progress. The line of the Hudson River is now followed by the "MURPHY" men; in Troy 10,000 or more have signed the pledge. Many of the towns in the State have elected Excise Commissioners who grant no licenses whatever.

The controversy in Prussia between the orthodox and the liberals in the state Church circles at present around the Apostles' Creed. The preference of the parish of St. James, Berlin, for Mr. HOSSBACH, a denier of this creed, as pastor, is well known. Recently the Protestanten-Verein, the representative Congress of the Prussian Liberal Church party, has made the following declaration: "With all Christendom we believe in God, the Almighty Creator of the world, our Father; we confess Jesus Christ as our Lord and Saviour; we trust in the Holy Ghost, who makes us blessed. We hold fast to universal baptism in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We rank the events of the life of Christ, as stated in the creed, as history, and not as part of the belief by which we are saved. Therefore we leave them to the free trial of investigation." It may be doubted if out of an eclecticism of this kind a coherent statement of belief can be produced.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CHRISTMAS brought its delights to the poor city waifs as well as to the children of the rich. At the Five Points House of Industry St. Nicholas made his appearance amid the jingling of bells, and carefully remembered every child in the institution. Then came songs and recitations, and afterward a savory dinner. Two hundred little folks at the Half-Orphan Asylum in Tenth Street hung up their stockings in old-fashioned style, and found them well filled in due time. Each child also received a new ten-cent piece, bright from the mint; and then an excellent dinner was served, the money and dinner being the gifts of a benevolent lady of this city. A bountiful Christmas feast was provided for the three hundred inmates of the Newsboys' Lodging-House in Duane Street—a large number not inmates sharing with them. In addition to dinner of Christmas luxuries, the boys of the Rivington Street Lodging-House were each given two warm red flannel shirts. Santa Claus brought presents of useful clothing to the Girls' Lodging-House in St. Mark's Place. Indeed, no charitable institution was forgotten. The hospitals, also, and even the prisons, were remembered, and a little of the joyful light of Christmas-day found its way into the hearts of the unfortunate and erring. Over eleven hundred men and women, inmates of the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, were provided with an unusually good and abundant dinner. The 1382 patients in the Lunatic Asylum consumed eleven barrels of poultry. In Charity Hospital all who were well enough were provided with some delicacies, and some kind ladies prepared a Christmas tree, laden with gifts. So also were the inmates of Bellevue Hospital remembered. A dinner of poultry was supplied to the 1443 inmates of the Almshouse, and even in the dismal Tombs there was no lack on this one day of all the year which every body hails with gladness.

It seems incredible that the bodies of those lost with the unfortunate *Huron* should have been desecrated by sordid wretches. But from the report given by the Assistant Inspector of the Life-saving Service on the North Carolina coast, it appears that watches, chains, money, and even finger-rings were stripped off by those who first found the bodies as they were washed up, so that upon ninety-five bodies, when found by the life-saving crews and humane helpers, not a single trinket such as would be deemed a relic by relatives remained.

Complaint is made that the accommodations in the reading-room of the British Museum are insufficient. The place designed for students and literary men is occupied by a throng of newspaper and novel readers, and a good deal of trouble and inconvenience has resulted.

Novel-writing and speech-making are two very distinct matters, and a man may have a remarkable gift for the one, and be utterly destitute of any faculty for the other. The *Court Journal* speaks of a literary dinner at which one of the cleverest of modern novel-writers was asked to acknowledge a toast. He stood up, looked white, then turned red, buttoned up his coat, unbuttoned it, and at last, with great effort saying, "Thank you," sat down again. The chairman's next choice was not much more successful. A novelist who has achieved a reputation as a second Dickens was called upon to do what his brother novelist had failed to do. He got out a few hackneyed phrases, observing that it was the greatest honor of his life, that he was overcome with gratitude, and that he had really very great pleasure in seconding the resolution!

The well-remembered storm of November 13 caused serious loss in the English Channel. Twenty-three vessels foundered, forty-eight were cast ashore, thirty-four were seriously damaged, fifty-five lost anchors, and about two hundred men were drowned. The loss of cargoes is estimated at not less than $1,200,000.

"Anger is a short madness," says the old proverb. Yet, although one in a furious passion may be crazy for the time, he is not on this account morally or legally irresponsible. A crime committed in a passion is a crime all the same. Men should curb their tempers so that they can control themselves at will. The excuse of "an ungovernable temper" given for a crime only adds to the real guilt of the criminal.

Some three or four hundred thousand blackbirds are annually exported from the island of Corsica. They flock there in vast numbers every winter to feed on the berries of the myrtle and arbutus, with which the mountains are covered. Here they become very fat, and their flavor and perfume as food cause them to be much esteemed by the *gourmands* of Paris.

"Flora Temple," the celebrated trotter, recently died at Philadelphia, at the age of thirty-three. This noted mare was sold for thirteen dollars when four years old, being at that time considered worthless. But in 1857, having acquired a reputation for swift trotting on the course, she was sold for eight thousand dollars.

If we lived in Japan, we should probably escape many diseases from which, as a people, we now suffer severely—that is, if in Japan we would live as the Japanese do in regard to the thorough ventilation of their houses. A distinguished physician of Yokohama says that scarlet fever is almost unknown there, and never epidemic. So also diphtheria. Typhoid and typhus fevers are rarely epidemic, and all malarial diseases are uncommon.

A veterinary surgeon of Edinburgh recently shod the favorite horse of a wealthy lady with shoes of gold. They weighed twelve ounces each, and were solid gold, as well as the nails.

Some of the cats on exhibition in the American Museum are distinguished for their names, some for their deeds, and others for personal peculiarities; a few for all these things. "Hail Columbia" is a white Angora, with one red and one blue eye; "Roderick Dhu" is a black cat, weighing twenty-six pounds, and remarkable for his fondness for ladies and for newspapers; "Rose" is also black, and owns five legs; "Hamlet" is tailless, and always was so from earliest infancy; a fine Maltese cat distinguished herself when only seven months old by saving a baby from the jaws of a ferocious rat, and killing the rat.

In Italy, at the foot of Mount Gargano, a buried town has been discovered, the houses being twenty feet below the surface. The Italian government has taken measures to prosecute excavations on a large scale. A temple of Diana has been brought to light, and a monument erected in honor of Pompey.

To give relief to the suffering by supplying them with work is the best kind of charity, and this the New York Employment and Relief Association aims to do. The office of the society is 453 Fourth Avenue.

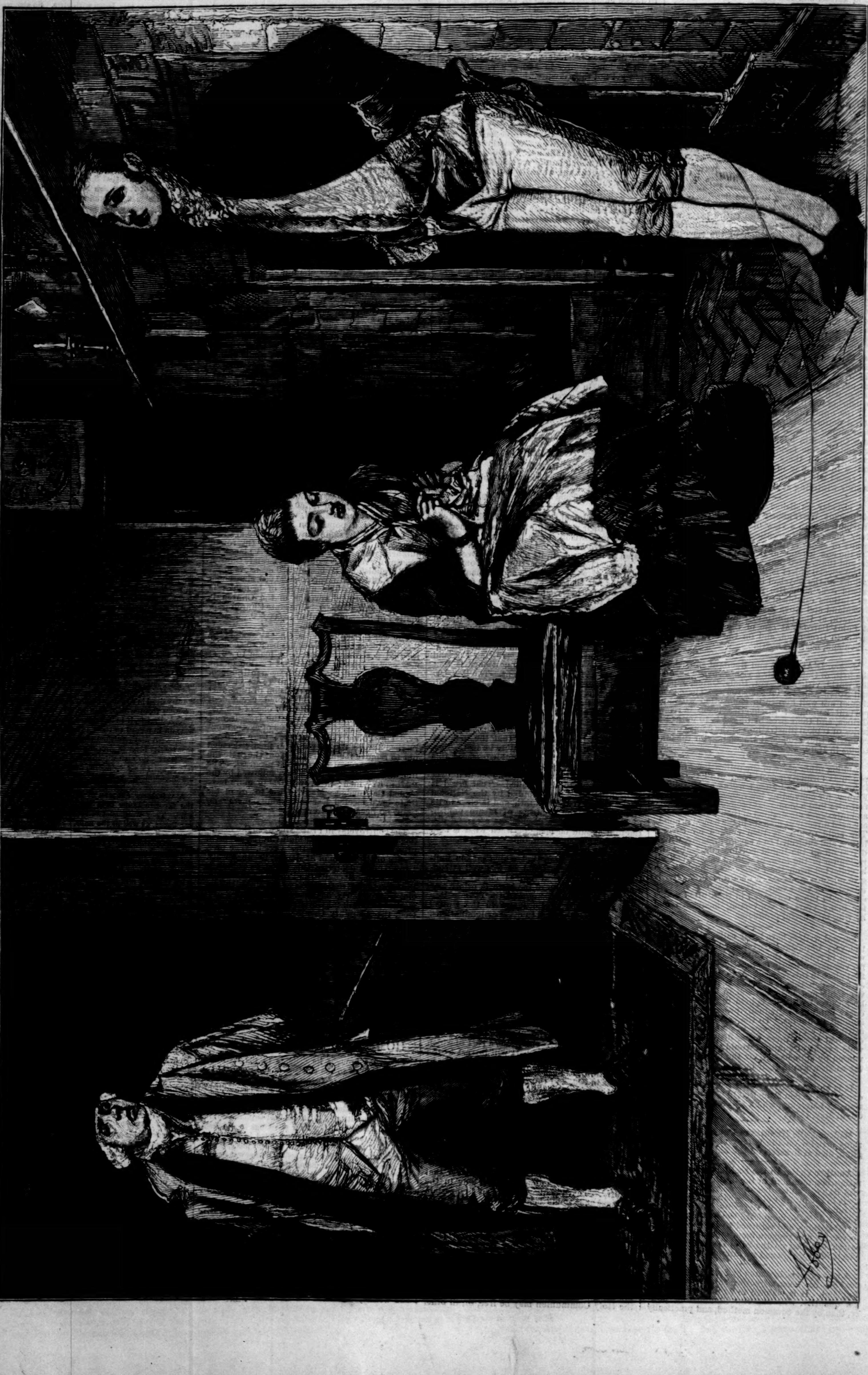
The space allotted to the United States in the Paris Exhibition is 400 by 100 feet in extent, and adjoins that set apart for Russia. It is divided into five parts, three of which are for general industrial exhibits, one for machinery, and one for food products.

Orange peel is an unsafe article to eat. This should be remembered now, just as the orange season is approaching its height.

The fate of the young artist Henry Leland is, in fact, only a reiteration of oft-repeated advice in regard to fire-arms. He was working on a picture, when, pausing to rest a while, he took up a handsome revolver which had been recently given to him as a present, and playfully pointed it toward the model, exclaiming, "Look out, I am going to fire at you."

"Oh no," exclaimed the girl; "I am afraid you will kill me."

"But it is not loaded, foolish child. Look here," said he, and instantly he pointed the revolver at his head; and to assure her that he was only indulging in a bit of pleasantry, pulled the trigger, and at once fell dead upon the floor.



ENTANGLED.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey, from a Sketch by H. Pyle.—[See Page 53.]

"A WARM BED FOR UNCLE."—[SEE PAGE 58.]

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

# AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

## CHAPTER LIX.

LET SILENCE BE ABOUT HER NAME.

BELLA was dying. The doctors had pronounced their verdict. The spine had been fatally injured. A few hours of life—hours in which there would be happily little or no suffering—alone remained to Mr. Piper's second wife. Very brief had been the story of his courtship and marriage.

He had sent off a groom to Great Yafford on one of the carriage-horses to summon the most famous surgeon in the town; but Dr. Milroyd, who was a physician of some standing, and the humble Mr. Namby, who was not without experience in surgery, assured Mr. Piper that the whole college of surgeons would be powerless to prolong Bella's life for an hour beyond the natural running out of the sand in a glass that had been turned for the last time.

"You can go and sit by her, if you like," said Mr. Namby, kindly. "It can do no harm. She would like you to be there, I dare say, poor thing! And don't you think her family ought to be sent for?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Piper. "I dare say she'd like to see them."

They were standing in the corridor outside Bella's room. That strange tranquillity of Mr. Piper's impressed the doctors. They ascribed it to the intensity of his grief. He was stunned, no doubt, poor fellow, by the sudden calamity.

Ebenezer Piper went into the apple-green bedroom where his wife was lying—the wife who was so soon to drift away from him down that dark stream which led he knew not whither. The certainty of impending death made her sacred. She was beyond punishment or upbraiding. One could scarcely say hard things to the vilest criminal when his hour of doom was fixed and the rope round his neck. The final, irrevocable sentence stultifies all lesser penalties.

Bella was lying with her face turned away from the light, the lovely auburn hair rippling over the pillows—that hair whose luxuriance had been one of her chief charms. One little hand lay inert upon the satin coverlet. How pretty she was! The sense of her beauty struck her husband with actual pain. So lovely, so innocent-looking, and so false!

"If she had lived, I would have never seen her face again," he thought, "but now it doesn't matter."

He sat down in the arm-chair by her bed and waited for her to speak. For himself there was nothing that he could say to her. There was an aching pity for her untimely fate in his heart, co-existent with his burning indignation at her treachery. The fact that she was speedily to die might touch him with compassion, but it could not lessen the baseness of her ingratitude or make her falsehood pardonable.

She moved her head restlessly on the pillow, and gave a sigh of weariness.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Your husband," Mr. Piper answered, quietly.

"Can you forgive me for hunting without your permission?" she said, in a low voice: how often had that dulcet voice charmed her husband! "It was very wrong—very foolish—but you see I have to pay a big price for it."

"Is there nothing else you have to ask forgiveness for?" he inquired, bitterly. "You had better make a clean slate while you are about it. Is there nothing else you are sorry for—on your death-bed?"

There was a pause. Almost unawares the husband took one of those long silken tresses and turned it between his fingers, the bright soft hair he had loved so well.

"Perhaps I have not been grateful enough for all your kindness," faltered Bella. "You have been very good to me—very generous. Yes, I ought to have been more grateful."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mr. Piper, with keenest bitterness. "Can you really find a speck or flaw in your conduct? Don't you think you have been a perfect wife?"

Bella began to cry.

"I am sure I have tried to do my duty," she said. "I have tried to make your home pleasant to you, and to improve your position in society."

"Yes," answered the husband, with an uncontrollable gust of passion. "You have made me acquainted with Captain Standish."

Bella's quiet weeping changed to hysterical sobbing. Her whole frame was shaken.

"Yes," pursued Mr. Piper, "you have tried very hard to improve my position in society. You have held me up to scorn and ridicule. You have made me the laughing-stock of my old friends, as the fond, deluded husband—the middle-aged dupe of a pair of blue eyes and a rose-bud mouth. While my first wife lived I was a respectable man. You have made me—what? a door-mat for Captain Standish."

"I have done nothing really wicked," pleaded Bella. "I have been foolish, perhaps. I have let him pay me compliments—and—and—that kind of thing; but I have not broken one of the commandments. I could kneel in church and hear them read without feeling myself a castaway."

"Don't cry," said Mr. Piper. "There's no use in talking about it. I have read Captain Standish's letters to you."

"You have broken open my desk," cried Bella, in sudden alarm.

"Yes, I have seen his presents, and read his letters; and I can guess what he thought of you when he wrote them, and what he meant to be the end of your acquaintance."

"He asked me to run away with him, and I refused," protested Bella.

"That was the first time," said Mr. Piper, coolly. "You refused me the first time, you know. The captain meant to ask again, you may be sure."

"I have been selfish and ungrateful," sobbed Bella.

"God made you so, I think," answered Mr. Piper, excusingly. "I believe it's in the grain. Don't cry, poor thing! If you had lived, there must have been a bitter reckoning between you and me; but death squares every thing. If God can forgive you, I must not stand out. He's the largest creditor."

He took the little cold hand lying loose upon the coverlet, and pressed it gently. It was not in his nature to be unmerciful. And then she was passing away from him—she was drifting out of his jurisdiction. There was that awe upon him which the hardest must feel in the presence of death. At that friendly pressure Bella gave a sob of relief.

"Oh, if you can only forgive me, I think I can die in peace!" she said. "It seems hard to die—so young—and just as life was so bright. But I have been very wicked—to others as well as you. There is some one to whom I must make atonement. Send for Mr. Culverhouse."

"Wouldn't you rather see Mr. Dulcimer?" asked Mr. Piper, thinking that the Vicar ought to be a more powerful friend at this crisis.

"No, no; Mr. Culverhouse. I can not die in peace till I have seen him."

"He shall be sent for this minute, Bella. Don't agitate yourself."

Mr. Piper went out of the room and gave his orders, and then came back and seated himself quietly by the bed, and kept silence. It was not quite two years since he had sat by poor Moggie's death-bed, and heard her talk of heaven, and how they two were to meet there and know each other again, and have all their children join them one by one, in due time, like an affectionate Irish family whose elders had emigrated to America. To Moggie's simple soul death had been verily emigration.

It was night when Cyril Culverhouse answered Mr. Piper's summons. He had been for one of his long rounds in outlying districts, and only came home at ten o'clock to hear of the calamity at the Park. To Bella those hours of waiting had seemed endless.

"If I die without seeing him, I am a lost creature," she said.

"But, Bella, if there's any weight upon your conscience, can't you trust your husband?" asked Mr. Piper. "Surely there's no one with a better right to know."

"It's nothing that concerns you," answered Bella, impatiently. "You have found out the worst about me. This is a deeper wrong. This is something wicked that I did when I was a girl. It didn't seem much to do, but it has weighed upon me ever since."

Mr. Piper wondered at this confession. He had never seen any indication of a troubled conscience in his wife's manner or conduct.

Presently Mr. Culverhouse was announced. Mr. Piper went out into the corridor to receive him.

"My wife is uneasy in her mind about something," he said. "I dare say she'd like to see you alone. Don't be hard upon her, Mr. Culverhouse, if she has done any thing wrong. She has only a few hours to live. She has thrown her foolish young life away to gratify the whim of the moment."

"Hard upon her!" exclaimed Cyril. "You need not fear."

Cyril went alone into the apple-green bedroom. Mr. Piper walked up and down the corridor, waiting for the interview to be over. He was passing Miss Porkman's door when Vanessa put her head out.

"Oh, Mr. Piper, mayn't I go to her?" she asked. "The doctors have told me that they can't save her. I feel so miserable. I feel as if it was my fault."

"It's every body's fault," said Mr. Piper. "We've all been fools. I indulged her like a fool, and she made a foolish use of my indulgence. See what it has led to. A life thrown away."

"It's too dreadful!" said Vanessa, who had never before been face to face with the tragedy of life.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Piper. "You were with her, weren't you?"

"Yes, I saw it all. She had set her heart upon hunting, you know. And Captain Standish said the horse was a splendid hunter—and so he seemed, poor foolish thing, till he took that fatal jump. We went to the meet, and then when the hounds went off we followed them with the rest. It was lovely, the thing I had been longing for ever since I began to ride. For the first hour or so it was the easiest thing in the world—riding a little, and waiting about a good deal—and then they found the fox, and there was a rush, and we started at a splendid pace, Bella and I side by side, and Captain Standish close to us. She rode beautifully, and the horse behaved beautifully. The captain praised her for her pluck. She jumped three or four low hedges, and a ditch or two, and did it as easily as if she had been hunting all her life, and then we came to a stretch of open country, and the horses flew. We were among the first all through, and Bella was in raptures with her horse—and then—and then—the rest seems like a dreadful dream—all dimness and confusion—we came into a big ploughed field with a bull-finch at the end. 'There's a gap,' cried somebody; and I was just riding off with some of the others toward a corner of the field, when Captain Standish called to Bella very loud, 'Don't try it,' and in the next minute I saw the black lift himself up for the jump beautifully, and then his hind-feet caught in the top of the quickset hedge, and he rolled over into the next field with Bella under him. It was all done more quickly than I can tell it."

There was a long pause, and then Mr. Piper gave a shuddering sigh.

"Did you know she was following the hounds without her husband's knowledge or consent?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I did," answered Miss Porkman, with a contrite air. "But I did not think any harm could come of it. She rode so well, and the horse was a clever hunter. Captain Standish tried him two or three times. It was poor Bella's inexperience; she went straight at that tall, thick, quickset hedge—an awful thing—like a wall."

"I don't think it will be a particularly pleasant recollection for you to carry about with you during the rest of your life, Miss Porkman," said Mr. Piper.

"Oh, Mr. Piper, surely you can't blame me!" remonstrated Vanessa, tearfully.

"I do blame you for aiding and abetting my wife in disobedience," Mr. Piper answered, severely.

While this conversation was taking place in the corridor, Cyril Culverhouse sat in Mr. Piper's chair by Bella's pillow, and waited for the departing sinner's confession, ready with words of comfort and exhortation.

"I have been dreadfully wicked," she began, falteringly, "but it was all Mrs. Dulcimer's fault."

"Mrs. Dulcimer! How could Mrs. Dulcimer cause you to do wrong?"

"She put a foolish idea into my head, and it took root there, and poisoned my life. She told me that—I hate myself when I think how easily I was duped—that you cared for me."

"Hush," said Cyril, gently. "Why talk of that now? It was foolish of Mrs. Dulcimer. She has made a good many mistakes of that kind—out of kindness. But the error did not last long. I told her frankly that my heart had been given elsewhere, that you could never be more to me than a friend whose amiability and sweetness I admired. Why recall that? You have been happily married to a good man. He deserves all your pity in this dark hour—your affectionate consideration. And you have to think of God. You may have offended Him in many things; give the short hours He has left you to prayer and meditation."

"I must recall that wretched mistake," said Bella, feverishly. "I tell you it was that which made me wicked. I have been very wicked. I have injured my kindest friend."

"What friend?" asked Cyril, very pale.

"Beatrix Harefield."

"You have injured her?"

"Yes. Do you see a jewel-case on the dressing-table over there—a large morocco case? Yes. Take my keys from under my pillow. I have no power to move myself, but I made the doctor put my keys under my pillow. It is the smallest key of all," she went on, when Cyril had obeyed her. "Now open the jewel-case, and press the little gilt knob at the right side of the tray. That opens a drawer, doesn't it?"

"Yes; the drawer has come out. There is a letter in it," said Cyril.

"Take that letter. I found it on the table in Mr. Harefield's library the morning after his death. It is addressed to his daughter."

"And you have kept it ever since? This letter—left for his daughter to read after his death? You are indeed a wicked woman."

"I did not think how wicked it was at the time," faltered Bella. "But some devil prompted me to take it, and hide it—till—till I should feel inclined to give it up. And then—oh, why do you make me tell you all my wickedness!—I knew that you loved her—and I thought—if—if people believed her guilty of her father's death, you would not marry her. That awful suspicion would part you. The letter might have put an end to the suspicion, perhaps. I did not know what was in the letter. I never broke the seal, you see. Yes, I was steeped in wickedness when I did it. I would have sold my soul to Satan to part you and Beatrix. Do you think God will forgive me?"

"God's mercy is infinite, and forgives even treachery," answered Cyril, coldly. He was standing by the dressing-table, holding Christian Harefield's letter in his hand. "But it is a sin that man finds it hard to forgive. What you did was a vile and cruel act. I can not palter with the truth because your hours are numbered. That is the reason why I should speak all the more plainly. If I were a stranger to Beatrix Harefield, I should look upon your conduct with horror; but I—I—who loved and wronged her—wronged her by a suspicion that this letter might have set at rest forever—how can I think of your conduct calmly? How can you expect pardon or pity from me?"

"I don't expect either," whimpered Bella. "I'm glad I am going to die. I have made a wretched use of my life. I am almost glad it is over. And yet it seems hard to die before one is five-and-twenty."

Her hand, straying idly in its feverish unrest, entangled itself in a tress of auburn hair.

"Isn't it bright and long?" she said, with a bitter little laugh. "With most women beauty dies first. They die piecemeal, a little bit at a time, till there is no trace left of the girl people used to admire. That must be dreadful. To look in the glass some morning and see the change all at once, and cry, 'Can this really be I?' I am glad I have escaped that."

Cyril stood, with the letter in his hand, silent.

"Why don't you open that letter?" asked Bella; "it will solve the mystery, no doubt."

"Whether it can or no, I shall not break the seal," answered Cyril. "It shall be my business to put this letter in Beatrix Harefield's hand."

"And you will tell her how wicked I was, and how I hated her from the moment I knew she had stolen your love."

"Her excellence commanded my love. She did not steal it. My heart never belonged to any other."

"Why do you quarrel with a poor dying creature about words? To me it seemed that she stole your heart. She came between me and the only man I ever loved. How could I help hating her?"

"Why will you think and talk of these things?" pleaded Cyril, going back to his seat by the bedside, determined, if it were possible, to bring this frivolous soul to the contemplation of eternity. She was so soon to be adrift on the wide ocean, and yet lingered so idly to trifle with the shells upon the shore.

"Remember all your past life only as a dream that you have dreamed, a vision darkened by sin and folly. You were guilty of a great sin when you stole that letter, for you must have known that you were injuring a fellow-creature. You took the letter deliberately to that end. But the motives that prompted you to that act are of little moment now. Think of it only as a sin to be repented of, with deep and heart-felt contrition."

Then he spoke to her in his sacred character, and would not again suffer her mind to wander back to earthly things. He was with her, reading to her, talking to her, praying with her for a long time, and he left her at last with a mind at peace with God and man.

"You will see Beatrix," she said at the last. "Tell her that I was very fond of her—once; that the old love comes back now that I am dying. Tell her that it is sweet to me now to think of her being reunited to you. Ask her to forgive me—if she can."

Cyril promised to come again early the next morning. She should have her husband and her family gathered round her bed in that last sad communion where the prayers of the living and the dying mingle in a solemn farewell.

But when Cyril came next morning, shortly after dawn, with Mr. and Mrs. Scratchell, and Bella's eldest brother and sister, they were met on the threshold of the house by Mr. Piper, who told them all was over. She had died very peacefully in the chilly hour just before daybreak, with her hand clasped in his.

"Poor little woman!" sighed the tender-hearted Piper. "She spoke to me so sweetly just at the last."

And Mr. Piper forgave even the deep treachery of an intrigue carried on before his face. Had his wife lived, pardon would have seemed to him almost impossible; but anger died in his heart as he stood beside the fair marble figure, and looked at the flower-like lips that could never speak falsehood any more.

He made Captain Standish's worthless letters and valuable gifts into a parcel, and had it delivered at that gentleman's quarters. The servant who carried it heard incidentally that the captain had had a bad fall from his horse on the Great Yafford road on the evening after Mrs. Piper's fatal accident, and had gone home to be nursed.

This report caused Mr. Piper to smile, for the first time since his discovery of his wife's falsehood.

"I believe I've put a mark upon him that he won't get rid of very quickly, even with her ladyship's sick-nursing," he said to himself.

This was true. The broken head which the captain had got that evening in the portico left a scar that was not likely to be cured, let him live as long as he might. But for once in his life Captain Standish felt himself constrained to take the punishment quietly. He had no redress against the man whose wife's loyalty he had perverted, and whom his folly had widowed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# A Shadow on the Threshold.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "UNDER THE WILL," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

THE little boys have just started off to school, Dolf carrying the bag of school-books, and Stevie a little parcel of my seed-cake for their luncheon; and I, still standing at the shop door where I always wait for their last nod and smile, feel my eyes fill with tears. Though I sat up so late last night mending their coats, though I brushed their caps so carefully, and though I made their little frayed collars as white as hands could make them, my little brothers still look very, very poor. And I can not help it. Those who are poor know how impossible it is to look otherwise, even with all care, and will understand how, though I try so hard (and have tried for all the seven years since our mother died), we are all still look—what we are—very, very poor.

My little brothers are at the corner of the street now; they turn with their last smile, and in another moment they are out of sight. I go in from the door, and wipe my eyes, and begin to dust the books in the shop, and presently I find myself actually singing over the task; for, after all, poverty is not sickness or death, and indeed singing comes more naturally to me even yet than crying.

I polish the glass case (very carefully, for fear of the cracked panes giving way), and display to the greatest advantage the few little prints and showy articles which we possess. I make the brightest books conspicuous, and put the faded ones into the background. Then I change the

places of the prints and periodicals in the window, that the stationer opposite (whose books and pictures are constantly renewed) may imagine that we sometimes replenish our stock. And while I am busy the old sad thought lies only half hidden under those passing fancies I try so hard to hold.

"How hard it is to pay our way from day to day! And how long shall we be able to do it? How long, above all, will my dear old father—"

I stifle that thought, and go back to my singing, while I put my duster away in its drawer, and rule and date the day-book. This is Thursday, and only six shillings and sixpence have been taken through the week. I make a rapid mental calculation—rent for house and shop; gas, which must be burned all the evening in the shop whether customers come in or not; coal; taxes; food for six people; clothing for us all; the stock to keep up, the school bills to meet, and a few poor to help, to whom our mother used to be kind, and whom she begged us never to forget. And, against all this, six shillings and sixpence taken in three days!

In the few moments of silence, while my head is still bent over the day-book, and I am vainly trying to feel strong and ready for whatever may happen, some one, whose step I know, comes into the shop. Yet I do not raise my head; no, not though my heart is beating with a love which in its great intensity amounts to pain, because it is a love which has never yet gone hand in hand with hope. Gently, though by hands that are used to work, my head is lifted; then, while my eyes grow hot and troubled under the long gaze that holds them (so tender, so longing, so unutterably sad!), a cry escapes my lips involuntarily, for I know now that this is to be our good-by—Philip's and mine. At last I whisper his name, just to disturb this silence which seems so full of heart-ache for us both; but for the first time in his life he does not answer me. Then, as I can not bear that yearning gaze of his any longer, I draw my face away and cover it. And when at last he breaks this miserable silence of his, leaning on the counter with his head in his hands in a weary, spiritless way, I hardly recognize the heavy voice as his.

"Jeanie, say good-by to me, and let me go."

"Not a last good-by—oh, not a last good-by!" I falter.

"Why not?" he questions, moodily; but, oh! his face is so full of misery—the handsome honest face that I have seen so happy and content!—"why not? Are these such pleasant interviews that we should multiply them? Is it manly for me to come and make your hard life harder by letting you witness (beyond your own) *my* poverty and *my* despair?"

"They are my poverty and my despair too," I say, very timidly; "and I can not bear them without you."

"I want a heart of iron to fight my way from this humiliation," he goes on, still in that unfamiliar tone; "and when I am with you I grow weak and trembling like a woman. I—will not come again."

"If I thought you meant it, Philip," I say, with a smile—a real smile, for could I *pretend* any thing in the face of his intense earnestness?—"I would help you to go away. I would even ask you never to come again, if I thought I really made you weak. So you shall think it over, and tell me exactly what you think, next time you come."

"Next time!" he echoes, but the unfamiliar bitterness has almost vanished from his tone now, and the old warm loving look comes back into his eyes as he takes my hand in his and kisses me. "Next time, Jeanie! Very well, there shall be one more. I had meant this to be the last. I had meant to put a hundred miles to-day between myself and you, but your own words are always best. And what a respite it seems! Isn't that cowardly? But, oh, my dear, my dear, how shall I ever bear that parting which is so near?"

"You really think it wiser to go, Philip?" I ask, trying not to let there be any disappointment in my tone.

"It is my only hope," he answers me, covering my hands warmly and closely in his own, just as if to show me how he would hold and protect me if he could. "It is the only chance I have of ever winning you, darling, into my own home, and cherishing you there as you are cherished now in my heart. Dear love, for such an end a man may well work hard and long and uncomplainingly, and I will—I will. You have calls enough upon your courage and your patience, my own love, without my giving you others. And I ought at least to comfort and encourage you, until I can bear the hardness for you, and give you ease and rest at last. Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, when shall we gain that sweet *at last* that we have thought of so long, and that seems to get farther from us day by day?"

"But is really coming nearer to us day by day," I add, trying to look hopefully into Philip's grave sad eyes. "And we are both young and faithful, and can wait."

"Dear," he whispers, in an unsteady voice, "I seem to have waited so long, and to be no nearer claiming you to-day than I was two years ago, when I found you first, my child-love. Not so near," he goes on, brokenly, "for I was full of hope and courage then; and now—"

"And now," I cry, not minding that my eyes are filled with tears, because I can only think of the two years of poverty and disappointment he has borne—and borne in vain—and which have told sadly on his strong young figure and his dauntless gentle nature—"your child-love is a woman, Philip, and the love she gives you is stronger and truer a hundredfold than it was two years ago."

Then, as he gently takes my face between his hands once more, and kisses it, I see the old, steadfast, patient look come back into his eyes, and I shrink from asking him any questions that may chase it away again. But he does not wait to be asked. He gives me the gloomy tidings tenderly, and tries to make me believe that he is not depressed and sick at heart, because another scheme of his has failed.

"It was of no use," he says; "the post was filled an hour before I reached Stafford. Yet the manager seemed pleased, too, Jeanie, with the specimen I took."

"Pleased! I should think so!" I cry, and I can feel that my pride in him brings a warm color into my cheeks. "Father says that when he went over the Worcester factories, years ago, he never saw any painting so clever as yours, Philip—none!"

"Perhaps," Philip answers, smiling gently (for he would never doubt my father's judgment), "painting on china has made a great advance since then, Jeanie. The work, in its perfection, is very beautiful now, dear."

"Yours is, Philip."

"Yes, mine is—sometimes," he assents, with a sigh which I see him try to stifle. "But I often get low, like a fool, and out of heart, and then my work is vile. I need no one to tell me this; I can see it myself, and as I see it so different from my idea, you may guess my hand does not gain in cunning. But sometimes, again, I am satisfied with my own designs; and—yes, I think they are even as you say, beautiful. If I had only one fair start," he cries, drawing his hand wearily through his hair, "I might—"

"'Look the whole world in the face and owe not any man,'" I put in, trying to bring a smile to his harassed face.

"I might give you— But what is the use to think of an impossible case?" he says, unsteadily.

"Not impossible at all, Philip," I contradict. "It is two years nearer than it was when I knew you first, and then you said you should soon be at the top of the profession. Do you forget?"

"Forget!" he echoes, meeting my eyes with just his own old smile. "It takes a man more than two years to forget such castles as I built then, my darling. They have fallen about me in ashes, but I can not forget them."

"Now, Philip," I say, trying in a most unnatural way to be cheerful, "tell me what is your next plan?"

At first I think he does not hear, for he stands quite still opposite me, looking at me in a wistful, questioning way, yet with his lips closed and stern. So I repeat the question, with a still greater effort to be cheerful (and consequently I think a still greater failure).

"My next plan," he said, in a hard, curt way, "is—America."

"Oh, Philip!"

The cry of sorrow and of fear comes from me sorely against my will; and when I see the change it brings into his face, I understand how it was the strong command he had put upon himself which had made him tell me of this project so coldly and briefly.

"Don't say a word to me, Jeanie—not one word. It is ruin to me to stay here, and—it is *you* only who can keep me."

But my heart is stronger because I have seen how he suffers, and I feel how unworthy I shall be of his great love if I do not help him in such hours as these.

"If you say it is better for you to go, Philip," I say, as steadily as ever I can, "I shall know it really is so, and I shall—I shall think all day and night of how you will some day come home again to me, and of how happy we shall be—then."

"My dearest," he says, in a strange sort of intense whisper, holding my hands so tightly that he really pains me. And then it seems as if the other words he wished to say will not come. So I smile a little—though it all seems strange as if my lips could never have known how to smile before—and say that he shall tell me all the rest next time he comes—next time.

"I had so much to tell you, Jeanie, to explain and soften that resolution I have had to make in my deep despair; and I have said nothing."

"You have told me of the resolution, Philip," I answer, almost steadily. "That is enough for this morning. It will seem different to me when you come next; and we can talk of other things—too. I—I see exactly what you mean, Philip—exactly."

"I do not," he says, in an odd, bitter way, as he turns his head suddenly from me. "I would to Heaven I did! Oh, Jeanie, when will it all be clear?"

"Very soon," I answer, feeling strangely shy while I speak thus to Philip, because he has always been so much braver than I have, and there never was a time before this when I have had to speak as if he were impatient or discontent. "Very soon, Philip; and when we see our future clearly, as you say, we shall see it so bright, and we shall love it so—we two—always together. What will this little separation signify?—for all will be right at last. And, oh, my love, I am so faithful in my heart!"

I had not thought what words I was going to say. They came from me like a sob, in my great love and yearning, and in my pity for us both. Very quietly he holds me for a moment, while I feel the quick irregular beating of his heart; then he leaves upon my shaking lips one of his old long gentle kisses, and I am alone, standing with my eyes covered that I may not see him go, for, oh, I am still so cowardly and so unworthy of his great love!

"Jeanie!"

It is my father calling, and I run to him into the parlor behind the shop, and take my morning kiss—a double kiss this morning, because it is his birthday. Then I bring up his breakfast from the fire, where I have been keeping it warm ever since Lottie took Aunt Charlotte's up to bed to her, nearly half an hour before.

"Now, father dear," I whisper, putting one arm softly round him, when I give him his coffee, and dropping my eyes that they may not rest upon his worn and haggard face, "you must make a good meal, because, however late you stay in the City, you never get yourself any thing there, and you need it so much. And don't stay late to-day, dear," I plead, kissing his thin cheek, still with my eyes turned away. "Promise me you will not stay late. It is better far, dear, to be—to go on as we are, than for you to wear yourself out as you are—as you would do, I'm sure, in your hope of helping us."

"Go on as we are?" he murmurs, echoing my words most sadly. "Jeanie dear, we can not go on as we are."

"Then things will get better," I put in, picking specks of dust from his worn coat.

"Or worse," he adds, very low, putting down his knife and fork and looking out into the shop—no, not *into* it, but *through* it, into a great vacancy beyond.

"They can not be worse, father dear," I say, in quite a cheery sort of way. "The very first change that comes must necessarily be a change for the better."

"If I get nothing to do, Jean"—he never calls me "Jean" when he is not sorely troubled—"very soon every thing we have must go."

"Why, father, there is no one to take them!" I say, but there comes a great lump into my throat quite suddenly, and a sort of mist before my eyes; for it does not need beautiful and costly things about one to make one love one's home, and all within it, with even a strong and clinging love.

"But if I do get employment," my father goes on, while I try in vain to give him the smile I can so plainly see he misses—"and I quite believe I soon shall, my dear—we may manage to tide over the winter, Jeanie."

"How good that will be, father!" I say, for indeed I feel very, very thankful to think we may pass the hardest season of all, and begin a fresh year.

"So you see, Jeanie," father says, rising with the very busiest air imaginable, and looking for a moment quite important, as he buttons up his thin black coat, "how much depends upon my going into the City, doesn't it?"

"Yes, father; only you will not walk too far or fast too long?"

No, he will not. He will remember that he is old, and that his children are young—so he tells me, with the dreamy smile which makes his pinched face look a little like what I have seen it in the old days long ago.

I kiss him again, finding no words to answer this; and then we talk of other things, while he eats his breakfast, because I want to tempt him on to take more than he usually does, before his long day's walking, and talking, and anxiety, and disappointment. I tell him that Jenning's sister (Jenning is the boy who takes down our shop shutters every morning) has a situation in Hammersmith, to which she goes to-night, and how Jenning begged a sheet of note-paper and an envelope to give her as a parting gift, and what a wise present I think it, because it will be sure to come back to him. I tell him I believe Preston the chemist has a new assistant, and that Evans's windows next door look nice and dusty, and show off ours beautifully. Then (in quite the same tone) I tell him that Philip has been into the shop, having had quite ten minutes to stay and chat. But I do not tell him of the two new prints in the stationer's opposite, nor—nor of what Philip came to tell me.

"Now, father," I say at last, when he has left the table, and I am putting into paper for him a good slice of my seed-cake, "you will eat this, won't you, as you pass through some unfrequented street? Don't forget it, as you did yesterday, and bring it home unopened. I really shall feel it a personal insult, and shall know you are as hard to please as Aunt Charlotte, who says she can not eat my cakes."

"My dear," he exclaims, anxiously, "I always enjoy it, only I forgot it yesterday. Yes, I will eat it surely, Jeanie. As for the unfrequented streets, dear, why, I know plenty of frequented ones in the City where I could peacefully demolish a whole loaf without any one but myself being aware of the dark deed. Now are you sure you have told me every thing you want for the shop?"

I give him a list; scarcely one item is more than the merest trifle, but the memorandum is elaborately copied out and explained to give it an air of importance. Then I brush his hat and tie on his comforter, and by that time we hear Aunt Charlotte's heavy step, and she meets us, leaning heavily upon Lottie's shoulder.

The taking up of Aunt Charlotte's breakfast, waiting on her while she eats it, and then assisting her industriously during the protracted performance of dressing, is always Lottie's morning work; while I have the breakfast to prepare, father's coffee to pour out, and the shop to dust and arrange. And (fortunately, I think) it very rarely happens that father has not started before Aunt Charlotte makes her appearance down stairs, always entering so heavily and so gloomily, with her hand on Lottie's shoulder, looking as if she hated each fresh day as it comes, and always seeming injured if this gloomy shadow does not reach Lottie's gentle face below her.

But to-day father meets her, as I say, and so turns back, after his cheery greeting to her, to wheel her chair to the fire.

"Going out again, Steven?" she exclaims, in her most fretful tone. "You must have plenty of money to spare. No one who had not his purse full would go backward and forward to town as you do, day after day."

"My dear, I am going to make the little that I have into much," father says, speaking hopefully, as he invariably does to Aunt Charlotte in her dismal, worrying moods.

"Well," she sighs, pushing away the knitting Lottie brings her, "it is only wasting words to tell you what *I* think about it. You will never see your own imprudence, I'm convinced, till it is too late. But then I am glad to think its consequence will be a more effectual punishment than my warning words."

"And a sharper one too, Charlotte."

Aunt Charlotte turns away her head impatiently at these gentle words.

"You none of you feel things as I do," she moans; "but how can I expect you should? You don't sit here all day thinking what might have been. You are not capable of looking far on and seeing the ruin and poverty that threaten us. You laugh as you could never do if you felt for those who suffer denials like me. You have no consideration for me. You forget that I know how things ought to be with us if right were done."

"I remember *Who* knows exactly how things ought to be with us, and Who will some day set them right," father whispers, so low that I think no one hears him but me; for I always do hear every word he says, whatever I may be doing, because you see I have been so long trying to be to him just a little what mother was.

"If turning into fun things that ought to be cried over would bring us money," Aunt Charlotte goes on, icily, "I would try to do it. And if laughing would provide any one of us warm clothes for the winter, I would try to laugh too."

"Do, Charlotte," poor father interposes, with quite a beaming smile (that dies a sudden death next moment). "Do try, my dear, and then at any rate we—shall see."

"I never," says Aunt Charlotte, with a slow, rigid gaze into poor father's face, "saw any thing so ridiculous, Steven, as your pretending to believe we are not hopelessly poor, and need not be utterly depressed. Why, bless me, just tell me what we are, if we are not about the very poorest people in Hackney."

"I don't know—I don't know," murmurs poor father, the frail gleam of spirit seeming quite dead now.

"And Jean is the worst of you all," Aunt Charlotte goes on, for she seldom has one of these fretful attacks without very specially alluding to me. "She sings about the house, while I may sit here and break my heart."

Then father pauses a moment, just as he is leaving the room, and lays his gentle hand upon my head.

"Even Jeanie's singing," he says, "does not make us poorer. She has care enough, for we all lean on *her* young willing hands. She has need of some brightness, even if she has to make it for herself as well as for us. God bless her! Let her sing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In the harbor of San Francisco a wave struck a fishing boat, and overboard went two disciples of Ike Walton. Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by went to their assistance, and rescued the half-drowned pair. On being questioned how the accident occurred, they replied, "We didn't capsize; we only went down to see why the darn fish wouldn't bite."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

Three gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram, because he was hot. "Bring me another," says his companion, "because I am cold." The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, "Here, boy, bring me a glass, because I like it."

Boswell, dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a *dog* in the town but what thinks so."

A lock of hair from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a head capitally executed."

At a recent examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers; what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

A Boston teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language explained by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

An old salt sitting on a wharf the other day very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography.

The baker and his customer
A kindred nature show:
The latter needs the "staff of life,"
The former kneads the dough.

The reason why whales frequent the north pole is because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

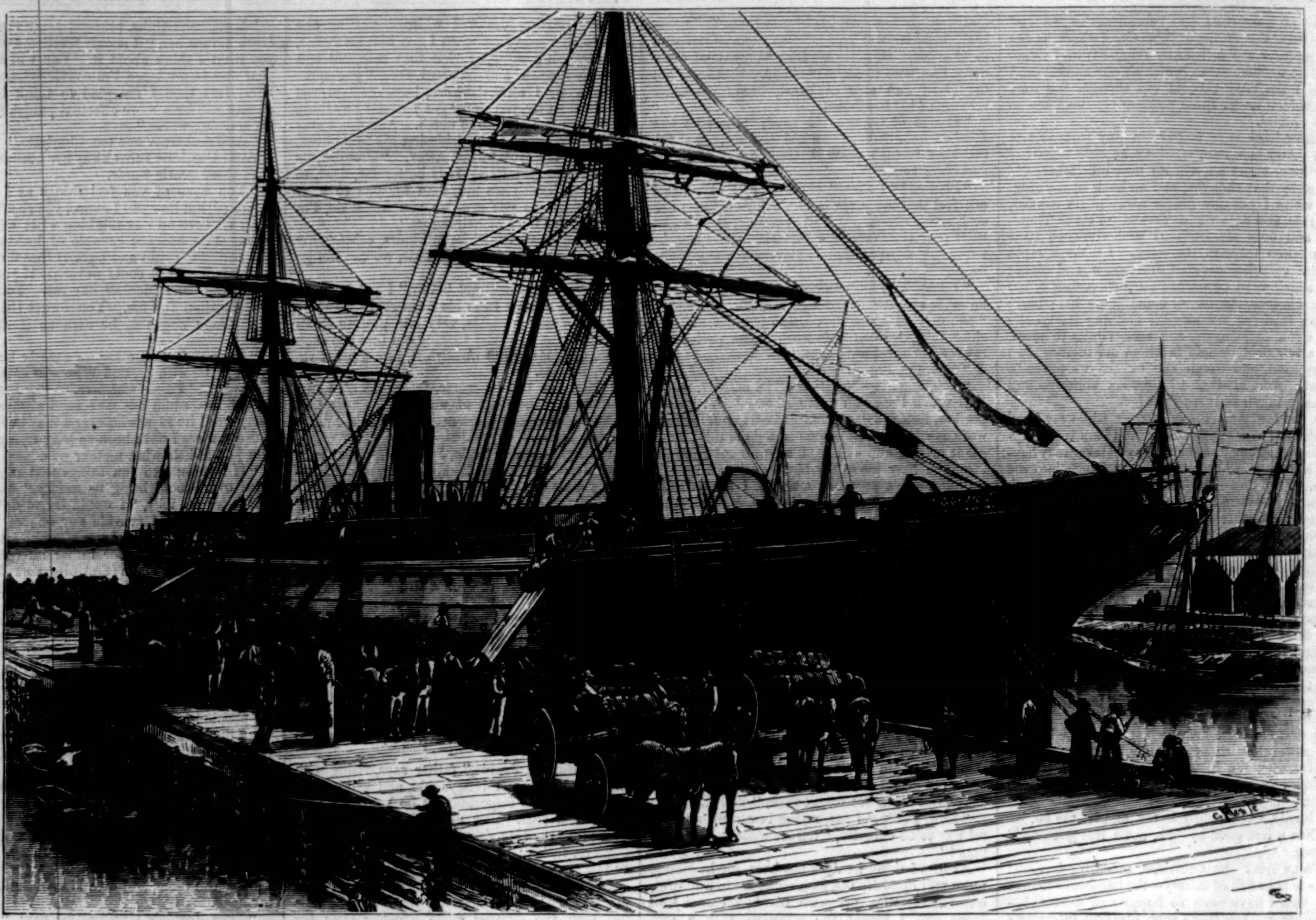
During a series of wet days a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella-maker. "Yes, that's all very well, Sir," he replied; "but then there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a greenhouse." "Well, my love, paint it any color you please; red, white, or green will suit me," responded the husband.

The following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, a few days ago, which she thoughtlessly left in church:

"I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear! dear! what shall I do?
I can not listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too.
He might have come as well as not—
What plagues those fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar."

MORAL.—Don't write your thoughts in a hymn-book, or, if you do, be careful not to let it lie "around loose."

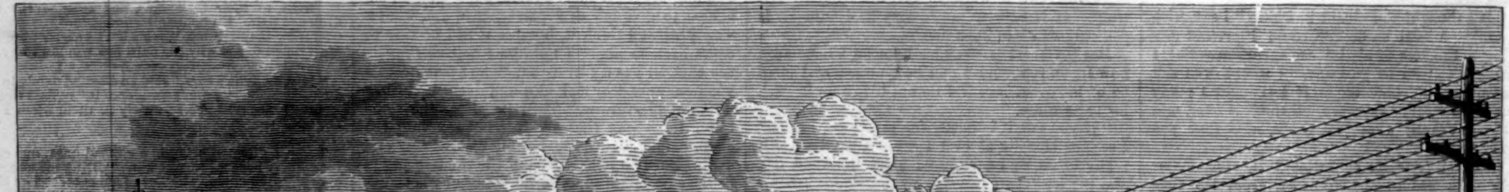


LOADING COTTON AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]

## OUR COTTON INDUSTRY.

THE first cotton manufacturing country in the world is England, the second the United States. According to the statistics of the trade, England consumed during the year ending October 1, 1876, 1,270,287,000 pounds of cotton, and the United States consumed during the same period 674,638,000 pounds, or fifty-three per cent. of the amount used in the factories of the former country. There was a marked increase in the amount of cotton manufactured in this country last year over that of the preceding year, being 1,435,400 bales against 1,356,000 bales. This shows that, in spite of the complaints of depression in the cotton-goods trade, last year was one of great activity. This is not to be wholly attributed to an increased home demand for goods, for a very unusually large proportion of the production has been exported. The value of cotton manufactures exported within the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, was $10,180,000; in 1875-76, $7,720,000; and $3,090,000 in 1874-75. Assuming that one-half the value of the goods consists of raw material, and taking $56 as the average value of a bale of cotton, it would follow that about 90,900 bales of cotton have been exported in a manufactured form, leaving the quantity used for home consumption about 1,344,500.

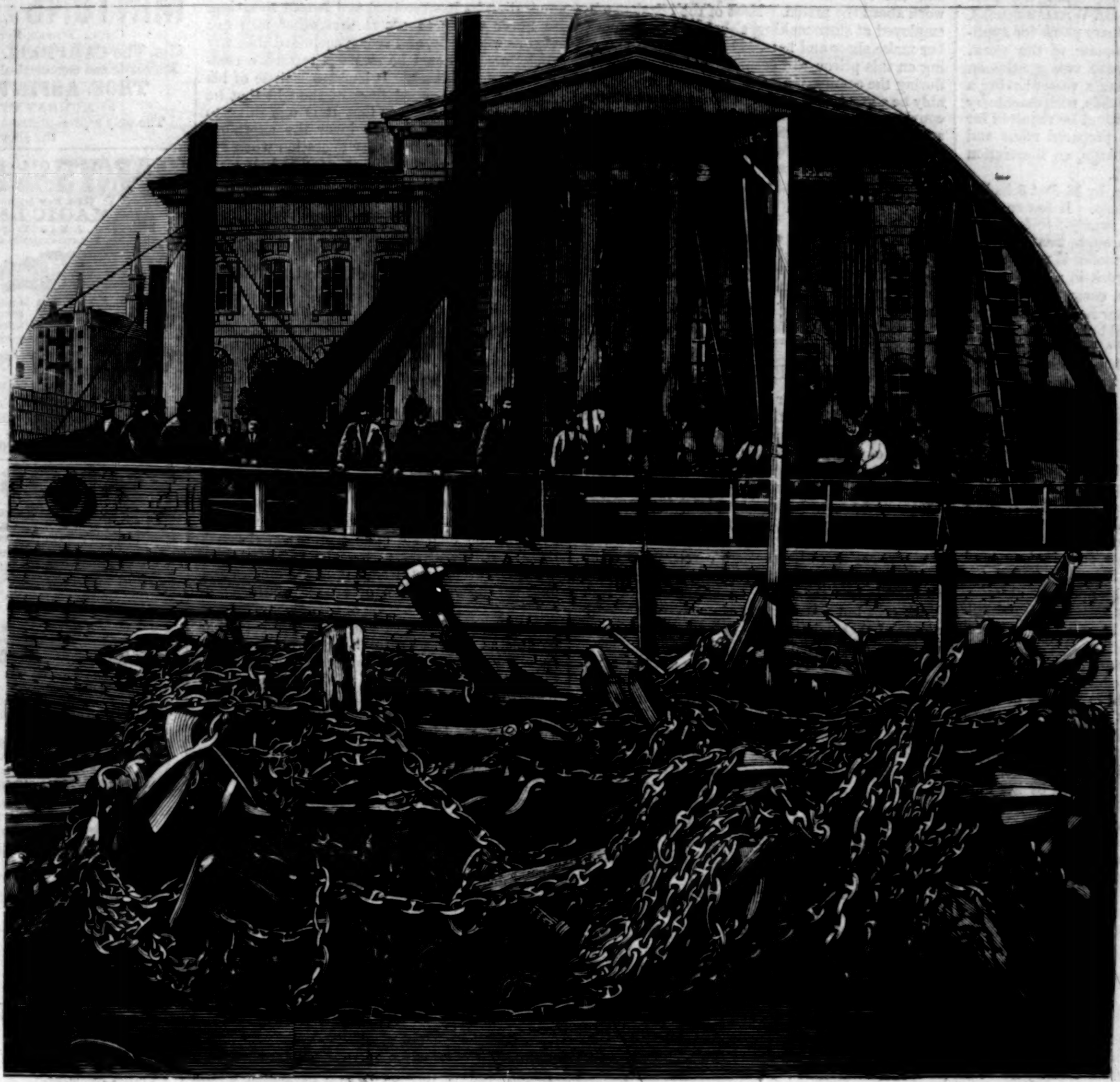
The consumption of cotton in this country is nearly equal to that of Germany, France, Russia, and Austria combined. It would seem that, oc-



A COTTON WHARF, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]

cupying such an important rank among the cotton-manufacturing countries, the United States should develop a much greater ability to supply the wants of the non-manufacturing countries than we have hitherto attained. More than one-half of the cotton consumed in England is exported in the shape of manufactured goods, while of our own consumption not more than seven per cent. is for export.

## RAISING A NEST OF ANCHORS.



A NEST OF ANCHORS RAISED IN QUEBEC HARBOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. LIVERNOIS.]

THE harbor of Quebec, which extends from the western end of Orleans Island, a distance of twelve miles, to Cape Rouge, has ever been regarded by sea-going people as one of the finest in the world. It is three-fourths of a mile wide, and receives from one thousand to fourteen hundred vessels annually from other ports. Many more pass through on their way to Montreal and Three Rivers, and during the summer, which is, of course, the busiest season in this part of the world, it is not unusual to see a hundred ships riding at anchor here, with plenty of sea-room and no fear of fouling. But notwithstanding the many natural advantages which may fairly be ascribed to this beautiful haven, grave suspicions have been during half a century growing into certainties that this fair sheet of water was hiding under its blue and smiling surface obstructions of a most serious and dangerous character.

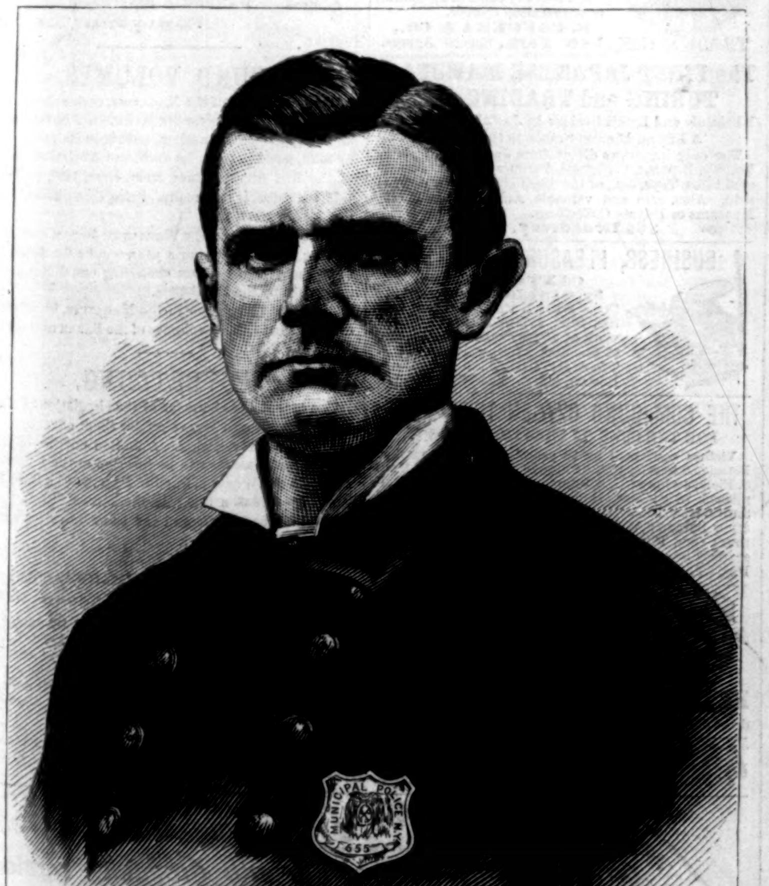
Mr. STANISLAS VASSAL, who was born and passed most of his life among the aborigines, tells us that the name of Quebec—which was originally Kébec—is a Micmac idiom meaning a strait, thus indicating the narrows between St. Lawrence and Cape Rouge, where the width of the great river does not exceed 500 rods. Properly applied, it is an adjective, and signifies closed or obstructed. Viewed in the light of more recent developments, this word wears somewhat the appearance of a prophecy, for the beautiful and attractive harbor seems to have been for many years obstructed in a very singular way. Whether the difficulty had its origin so far back as that memorable 13th of September when the troops of the intrepid WOLFE took the flood, under cover of the deep darkness which precedes dawn, and were borne silently down on the ebbing tide to begin their desperate but successful attack upon the rock-founded city, will never now be known, but there are not wanting evidences which might lead keen observers to the belief that the earliest of these remarkable *impedimenta* were dropped there by the invading fleet as long ago as the middle of the last century.

More than fifty years ago it began to be known to skippers that the moorage of vessels was seriously impaired by accumulations of anchors and chains, forming huge nests in various parts of the river. The water being, however, 130 feet in depth, these obstructions were for many years, almost wholly disregarded. While ships of the largest tonnage could float over them without inconvenience, very little was thought about them, save when a valuable anchor became fouled and had to be abandoned, with its chain, thus serving to increase the nest to which it had become attached.

As years wore on, these bunches of tangled iron grew in size, till they became a subject of general complaint among masters and owners who had suffered repeated losses by them, and by the year 1872 murmurs became so loud and earnest that the Harbor Commission of Quebec, and through them the Dominion government of Canada, was forced to take note of the difficulty.

After months of discussion and delay, a sum of money was voted to be applied to the purpose of clearing the harbor of all obstructions. It was then ascertained that there were not less than six or eight nests of anchors and chains, forming conglomerate masses of tangled metal in as many different parts of the harbor, and lying in a depth of from 100 to 180 feet of water at low tide. Subsequent operations have shown that some of these weigh as much as 240 tons.

The Harbor Commission, being duly authorized to make the necessary expenditures, held several meetings for the purpose of deciding upon a proper method, and at one of these, which occurred on



PHILIP C. BLEIL, OF THE STEAMBOAT SQUAD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

SUPERINTENDENT LOUIS D. PILSBURY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

December 27, 1873, they appointed the Port Warden, Mr. JOHN DICK, and Mr. WILLIAM SIMONS, naval architect, jointly to prepare plans for appliances which should be adequate to the work. After grave consultation these two gentlemen arrived at the conclusion that a vessel having a working displacement of 400 tons, with machinery capable of lifting 150 tons, would be required for the purpose. They at once prepared plans and specifications for a lifting barge, an illustration of which is given on page 57.

The barge is 104 feet long, by 38 feet 6 inches wide, and 10 feet 6 inches deep. It has an open well in the centre, which is twenty-five feet long by fourteen feet wide. Through this well the machinery is worked. The model is made sharp at both ends, as she must work in a very strong tideway. She is, of course, constructed in the strongest manner, having four heavy double oak keelsons, two double diagonal bulkheads fore and aft, each side of the well, and a heavy truss frame, twenty feet high, fore and aft on deck. To these are secured the tackles and lashing. As the tide rises and falls from thirteen to twenty feet, it was also necessary to fit eight double timbers across the well, by which to lash the barge down when taking a very heavy lift.

The machinery consists of two compound patent windlasses, which are capable of lifting forty-five tons each on a single direct pull. Besides these, there are two powerful steam-winches, supplied with steam from two horizontal tubular boilers, and two hand-winches, and six compound chain tackles, to assist at heavy lifts. All the machinery and tackle can be operated at once, thus bringing an enormous lifting power simultaneously to bear upon any impediment to be removed.

Early in 1875 the business of clearing the harbor began in earnest. Three large nests of anchors and chains were taken from a depth of from 130 to 180 feet of water at low tide, in a place where the current runs at the rate of about five knots.

Our picture shows a portion of the barge, with the nest of anchors and chains raised by her during the months of June, July, and August of the year 1877. It contained seventy anchors and 2000 fathoms of chain, and weighed 240 tons. Eleven anchors and 250 fathoms of chain had been extracted from this nest previous to its being brought ashore.

Up to date the lifting barge has relieved the river-bottom of 165 anchors and 5440 fathoms of chain, amounting in weight to 570 tons.

## ENTANGLED.

THE costumes and accessories in our engraving on page 52 show that the artist designed to represent a scene in an American country house of the last century; but the story suggested suits all times and countries. The tell-tale chairs placed cozily side by side, the evident embarrassment of the young gentleman, in spite of his effort to look cool and unconcerned, and as if he had been leaning all the morning against the mantel-piece, are quite perceptible to the keen glance of the maiden's father as he comes into the room. Likely enough he is a loyalist, while the suitor for his daughter's heart and hand may be the son of a patriot. Out of this hint every reader may weave a romance for himself.

## "A WARM BED FOR UNCLE."

THE holly plant, with its red berries and brilliant green leaves, makes a beautiful trimming for parlor and dining-room at Christmas-time, but as a bedfellow it is decidedly out of place; and the band of mischievous young conspirators depicted in our illustration on page 53 are evidently well aware of the fact. Their uncle, whether young or old, will pass a miserable night with the prickly twigs sticking into him like pins and needles. We are much mistaken if he doesn't "make it warm" for the young ringleader in the morning, and teach him a lesson on the wickedness and vanity of practical jokes.

## SUPERINTENDENT PILSBURY.

MR. LOUIS D. PILSBURY, Superintendent of the New York State-prisons, whose portrait is given on page 57, was appointed to his present position about seven months ago. His excellent record in the management of the prison at Albany excited the expectation that he would institute many important reforms in his new department—an expectation amply justified by results. The fiscal year of the prisons ended September 30. During five months of that year the prisons were managed by the old prison inspectors, and seven months by Mr. PILSBURY. The following tables show the result of the two methods of management:

FIRST FIVE MONTHS, UNDER INSPECTORS.

| | Expenditures. | Deposits. | Deficiencies. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sing Sing.. | $139,674 92 | $40,944 23 | $89,730 69 |
| Auburn.... | 80,710 19 | 24,579 76 | 56,130 73 |
| Clinton.... | 85,849 70 | 15,652 30 | 70,197 40 |
| Total... | $306,234 81 | $81,176 29 | $216,058 82 |

LAST SEVEN MONTHS, UNDER A SUPERINTENDENT.

| | Expenditures. | Deposits. | Deficiencies. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sing Sing.. | $142,801 67 | $106,553 62 | $36,175 35 |
| Auburn.... | 99,154 94 | 59,398 41 | 39,756 45 |
| Clinton.... | 77,542 02 | 52,094 20 | 25,447 79 |
| Total... | $319,498 63 | $218,046 23 | $101,379 59 |

The above shows a deficiency for Sing Sing Prison, but since it was made up the prison has been self-supporting, and so it promises to be for the remaining nine months of the present fiscal year. Not one of the 1616 convicts in Sing Sing Prison on December 16 last was without employment of some kind. There were 1409 men of the 1616 employed in carrying out contracts, and the remainder were busy upon necessary work about the prison. Most of the convicts are employed at stove-making, although a large number make shoes and hats. The expense of carrying on this prison will certainly not be increased during the coming year, and its income will probably be a great deal larger. There are about 1400 convicts in the Auburn State-prison, of whom 850 are employed at contract work. Efforts are making to find steady employment for the others. Recently a contract was entered into for the employment of 100 in the manufacture of hollow ware. There are only about 600 convicts at the Clinton State-prison. Superintendent PILSBURY has made this a sort of hospital-prison, sending thither the infirm and aged convicts. They are not idle, however, being engaged in making clothes for the convicts in the other prisons, and in manufacturing prison supplies of various kinds.

## OFFICER BLEIL.

THE hero of the hour is a New York policeman, Officer PHILIP C. BLEIL, of the Steamboat Squad, and the manner in which he has won his fame is worthy of the admiration universally accorded him. During the comparatively short time which he has held his position, through his own unaided exertions he has rescued from death by drowning no less than eighteen persons of various ages. Some of these belonged to the usual crowd of pleasure-seekers who, through carelessness or an undue indulgence in intoxicating liquors, manage to tumble into the rivers on either side of New York city, but a large proportion were representatives of that unhappy class whom crime or misfortune drives to suicide.

It is in no manner a part of the duty of a policeman, even though he belongs to the steamboat corps, to look after people who have quitted *terra firma*. His business is supposed to be the maintenance of order among quarrelsome persons on dry land, and the extension of his jurisdiction to the water, whenever it occurs, must be looked upon as a self-imposed task. Officer BLEIL is a humanitarian, although it is probable that if he were to hear himself so styled, his first impulse would be to inquire whether insult or compliment were intended by the use of such an imposing term. His desire is to save life, believing it to be an undeniable good even to those who show a reckless disposition to cast it off as a burden too intolerable to bear. As a boy he was a fine swimmer, and always ready to spring into the water and render all the assistance possible to any one in danger. His first exploit in the way of saving life was at the age of fifteen, when he rescued one of those ubiquitous small boys who are constantly precipitating themselves into the river from excursion boats during the summer.

One of the most memorable instances of ingenuity as well as bravery in the art of saving life occurred on Officer BLEIL'S wedding day, June 20, 1864. At that time he belonged to the Volunteer Fire Department, then in the last stages of its existence. The steamboat *John Potter*, of the Camden and Amboy Line, lying at Pier No. 1, North River, had taken fire about one o'clock in the morning. BLEIL and his associates were hard at work on the end of the pier, when they suddenly perceived that the fire had cut off their retreat. The only escape was by water, and a boat was sent to their assistance from a Portuguese man-of-war lying in the harbor. Unfortunately the small craft would not hold them all. BLEIL and three of his comrades were left behind. Seizing a bale of cotton, he pushed it overboard, and instructing the men how to support themselves by it, induced them to follow him into the water. By dint of tremendous efforts, he being the only swimmer of the party, BLEIL towed the bale down the river, and landed all hands on the Battery, at a distance of 300 yards from the burning steamer. The saddest part of the tale is that the hero had on his wedding suit, costing $60, which was ruthlessly sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion. Officer BLEIL'S last exploit was the rescue of EMMA MARLBERG, which has been reported at some length in the daily papers. This young woman was a native of Germany. Induced by misfortune, she threw herself from the pier at the foot of Charlton Street, North River, on the afternoon of December 27, but was speedily rescued by BLEIL, who supported her in the water for some twenty minutes, until a boat could be sent to their assistance.

In appearance Officer BLEIL is a well-set, sinewy man of medium height, whose muscular development seems in accordance with the feats he has performed. He is thirty-three years of age, a blonde, and his complexion shows the outdoor life he has led. Whether he can be called handsome is a question involving some doubt, but it has long been an established fact that beauty is a superfluous attribute in a hero, and should in justice be left to those who have not a list of glorious deeds to recommend them. Suffice it to say that his blue eyes, which have an expression of unusual intelligence, are deep set. So far as we can learn, his amphibious tendencies are a terrible trial to his wife, who, with the logic peculiar to women where their affections are involved, reasons that his valuable life should not be risked for the salvation of worthless creatures who seek to end a career of crime by suicide.

Officer BLEIL'S heroism has not been without public notice. He has been the recipient of testimonials from various benevolent societies; the Police Commission have given him two parchments, of which he is justly proud; and Mr. BERGH, whose sympathies are readily awakened in such cases, has also accorded him a similar honor. In addition to this, the United States Life-saving Service at Washington not long ago expressed a desire to confer upon him the highest medal within their gift. This decoration will add another lustre to the hero who already "bears his blushing honors thick upon him." Officer BLEIL is the most modest of men, in spite of the admiration he has received and is still receiving. He never ceases to assert that other men can swim as well as he, and seems surprised that any special credit should be awarded to such a common accomplishment. It is characteristic of his simple, straightforward lines of thought that he never seems to consider that it is one thing to swim well, and another to incur the enormous risk of performing that easy operation when encumbered by a weighty fellow-creature half frantic with terror and excitement.

## DEATH IN HIS FAVORITE ROBE.

THE mortuary statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-fifth of all mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other three diseases together. Moreover, investigation proves that this ratio is steadily increasing. Its increasing prevalence has led to the popular belief that consumption is incurable. Every year hundreds of these sufferers seek in the sunny retreats of Florida or the dry atmosphere of Colorado for health—and find only a grave. The influence of the atmosphere—the only remedial agent that either Florida or Colorado can afford the consumptive—is at best only *palliative*. The cure of consumption depends upon two essential conditions: 1st, the arrest of the abnormal breaking down of the tissues, which prevents emaciation, and, 2d, the restoration of healthy nutrition, in order to stop the formation of tuberculous matter. Fulfil these conditions, and consumption is as curable as fever. To fulfil these conditions the required remedy must increase the appetite, favor the assimilation of food, and enrich the blood, thus retarding the development of tubercles. To accomplish this, a more powerful alterative than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has never been discovered. At the same time it soothes the irritation of the nervous system produced by violent coughing, which in its turn so often leads to more serious results. The use of "expectorants" in consumption is absolutely suicidal. For while removing the tubercles already formed, they produce yet more serious results by inflaming and destroying the sound and healthy tissues. Consumption requires a remedy that will soothe while it relieves; harsh medicines but add fuel to the flame that already threatens to consume the system. The Golden Medical Discovery fulfils these conditions, and has been pronounced the best remedy yet discovered to allay and arrest consumption.—[*Com.*]

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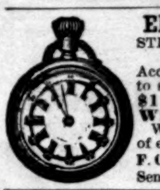
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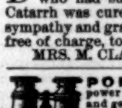

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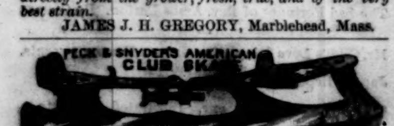


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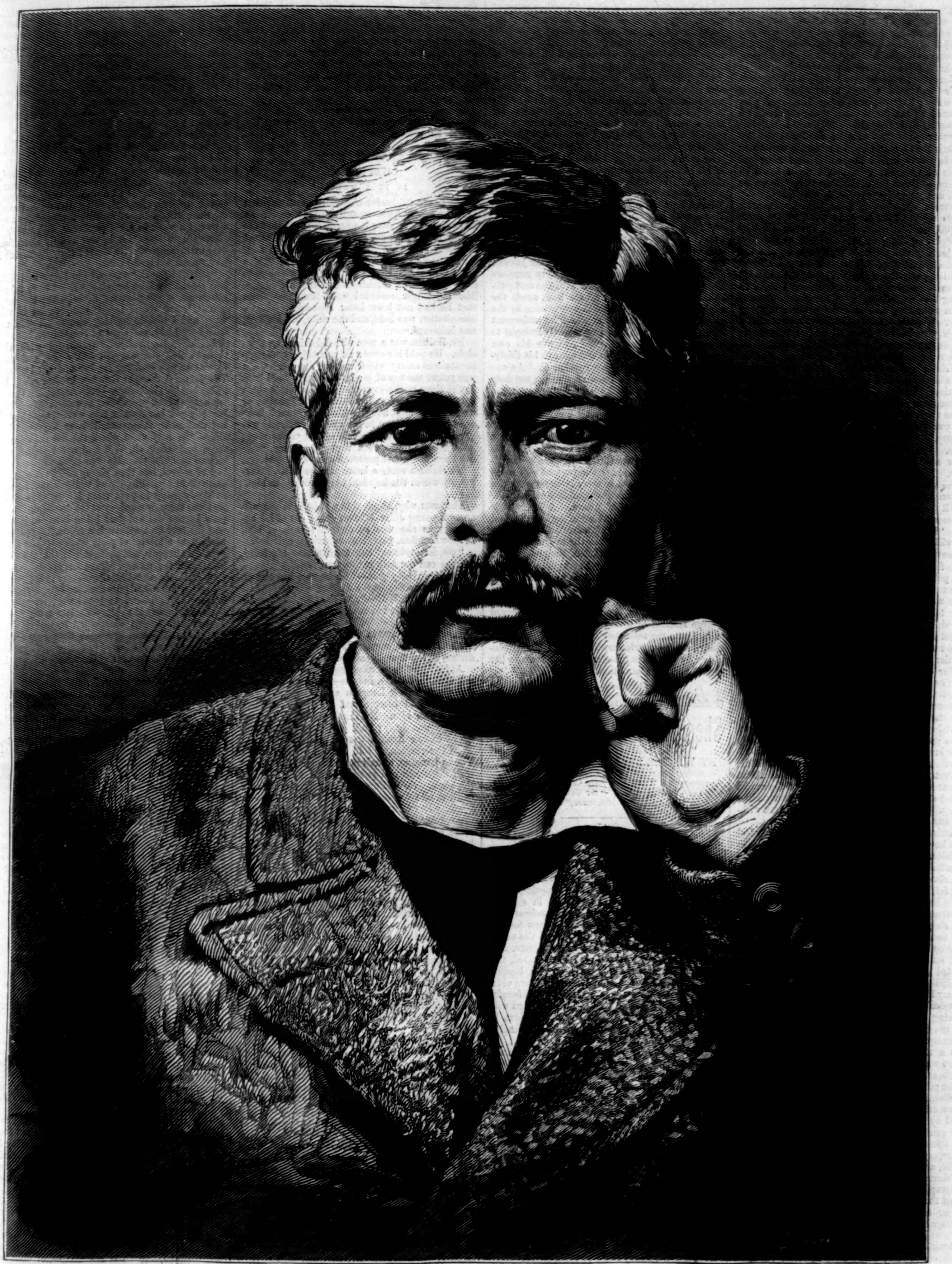

HENRY M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.—[From a Photograph taken at Cape Town on his arrival from the West Coast.]

## HENRY M. STANLEY.

The name of Henry M. Stanley, the enterprising American traveller, commissioned by the New York *Herald* and London *Daily Telegraph* to explore the interior of Africa, was first brought prominently before the public by his successful search for the famous Dr. Livingstone, and the timely assistance he was enabled to render that noble and suffering missionary and explorer. Since his meeting with Dr. Livingstone this intrepid traveller, between the dates of November, 1874, and August of last year, has completely traversed the vast region lying between the east coast, opposite Zanzibar, and Loanda, on the west coast of Africa, including the great inland waters of lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza, with Lake Alexandra, the river Lualaba, and the mighty Congo.

The exploration of the latter river was the great object that fired Stanley's ambition. Through indomitable perseverance, and at the cost of intense labor and suffering, he has accomplished it. Before long a full account of his wonderful journeying, containing valuable additions to geographical and ethnological science, will no doubt be presented to the public in volumes suitable to the extent and importance of the subject. At the moment, however, we have before us the report of a lecture delivered by Mr. Stanley soon after his arrival at Cape Town, which possesses great interest, coming as it does from his own lips. In it Mr. Stanley gives a short history of his discoveries, and also of the difficulties and dangers he encountered in exploring that most perilous of all regions, the heart of Africa. The lecture occupied but two hours, and was delivered in a lively conversational style that loses much from being forced into type. The few extracts for which we have space will, however, give our readers some idea of Mr. Stanley's wanderings, as well as the style and manner of the speaker.

Mr. Stanley began his address by speaking of the white natives whom he had found dwelling in the elevated regions between lakes Victoria and Albert, around the summit of Mount Gambaragura, and who evidently belonged to a distinct race from those who inhabit the plains and lake shores. He had also discovered a people who constructed large under-ground dwellings, in each of which as many as 300 persons were found living. In the effort to solve the problem of the outlet of Lake Tanganyika he met many chiefs, who declared that the white men had caused the country to be submerged with water, and who resolutely refused to permit him to proceed on his journey to Nyangwe. At the latter place the natives had succeeded in persuading Dr. Livingstone to desist from his attempted journey down the Lualaba, and prevented Cameron from travelling northward along the route that Stanley had determined to follow. They pictured the inhabitants of the unexplored region as the largest and smallest men in the world. Gorillas, they said, filled the mighty woods day and night with the thunders of their terrible cries. According to the statements of the na-

tives, "the Congo dashed itself against mountains until no larger than a brook; the dense and interminable forests were filled with a profound and eternal gloom, through which the sun was never visible; horrible snakes of enormous size hung from the trees, and were invisible in the darkness; ants and other insects bit the traveller's flesh with a fiery venom like scalding hot water; leopards and other beasts of prey swarmed in the forests, and made the darkness hideous by their dismal howlings and indescribable screams; droves of wild elephants crashed through the forest; genii haunted the darkness; dwarfs, thirty inches in height, that showered flights of poisoned arrows like quills at all intruders, and that the natives ate at one bite, were thick as ants; they would kill every body."

After a considerable delay, however, STANLEY succeeded in hiring an Arab chief, with a force of 160 men, to assist him in cutting his way through the cannibal lands. Once under way, the journey was attended with little beyond the usual difficulties of African travel, and after a time the party found themselves in the presence of the anthropophagi, who confronted them in strong force. "Here," says the lecturer, "they began by asking who gave us permission to go there. We said we did not know we wanted any body's permission. They said, 'Yes, it must be had on their river.' We said to them, 'You keep on your own side of the river. You do not claim more than half of it, we suppose. We will cling so closely to the opposite side of the river and the other bank that if you attack us you must attack the people on the other side of the river.' We started. They asked, 'Where are you going?' 'Down the river to our own country.' 'We never heard of any thing being there. Where do you come from?' 'From the other sea.' 'From the other sea? There is none. Do you come from up there?'—pointing to the clouds. 'No.' 'How is it we never saw or heard of any body like you before?' 'I suppose it was owing to your own ignorance.' 'Well, you must turn back. We can't allow you to go on.' 'I am very sorry, but I must go on. If you will allow us, we are quite willing to pay you for leave to pass. Look;' and we showed them some fine gaudy clothes, and cowries, and beads, and polished brass wire. No, they would not have any at all. 'Go back,' they said. But the river was not going back, and all the time we were talking we went along with the current, and while other natives were coming down, until we got into another country. The people of that place came out in their canoes. This was on the frontier of the cannibal lands. They maintained similar conversation with us. They said, 'You pass us to-day without fighting, but wait till to-morrow. That king does not allow any body to go down, and if he refuses, there is nobody who can stand before him.' 'Well,' we said, 'if we must be killed, why, we shall be killed; but we shall go on.' Next day we went on as before. This king came out to meet us with fourteen canoes. They looked ridiculously small to come against our canoes. We passed two of them. We fired, and cut the water all around the canoe, and he did not see the balls pass through the water. This frightened him, and he retired without our having to fire a shot at him."

Arrived at the equator, STANLEY began to feel that he was at last in the presence of serious difficulties. Here it is that the true strength of the cannibals lies. "First," says the speaker, "we had six cataracts to contend with. Next we tried the left bank, but to go on was simply impossible. Down below us were the cataracts. We could not row back, on account of the stream being so swift, and, besides that, we should have had to fight again with these people. There was only one way—to show our manliness and die. So I sent four canoes up the river, and they landed half their crews. Half had orders to go behind into the forest, and while we attacked the enemy in the front, they opened in the rear. This was done only just in time, for the cataracts were roaring close by us. Having gained a footing, we got down toward them, and made a palisade or camp. In the night we threw out scouts, and cut a road, and laid down sticks and rollers. Then we built a camp at the extreme end of this track, and at early dawn we drew our canoes over these sticks or rollers to the next stage. We had a second camp, where we rested. Next night we went on the same way, and so on. We cut a road by night, and at sunrise we began to draw the canoes into the second camp. That we did for twenty-six days, night and day relieving each other, my companion looking after the parties by night, and I taking charge of the reliefs by day. In these twenty-six days we had gone thirteen geographical miles and passed six cataracts. Then the river began to turn northwest, and goes on so to two degrees latitude north. Then it turns with a mighty sweep toward the west, and goes on in a course forming a zigzag line. Then at longitude twenty-three degrees it turns down to the southwest; the river by this time was from two to ten miles wide. When we had reached longitude sixteen degrees the lower series of cataracts began, sixty-two in number. We had already had thirty-two fights before we reached these cataracts, and we were five months going from cataract to cataract, sometimes hauling our canoes up mountain steeps 2000 feet high, assisted, of course, by friendly natives."

It was not until after having completed a journey of 6900 miles, in the course of which he lost three white men and 250 natives, that STANLEY finally arrived at the point where Captain LUCKEY abandoned the exploration of the Congo River from the west coast in 1816. From this point it was the intention of the explorer to push across to Boma. They were but three days out, however, when despair settled down upon them; starvation was staring them in the face, and the situation was desperate. Three of the strongest of the party were then sent forward, and the rest went on as best they could until within thirty miles of Boma. STANLEY had concluded that many of his people could not hold out much longer, when suddenly the cry was raised, "Oh, master, here are lots of men coming; lots of clothes and lots of food." And indeed it was so. The men had reached Boma, and without delay a relief party was sent with fish and rice and every thing that was required. His men furiously rushed at the fish, and did not want to cook it. There was for him a small parcel of dainties, and beer, wine, and Champagne. The pots were placed on the fire, the rice was cooked, and the lives of the people were saved. Mr. STANLEY described how the rags of his men—venerable relics of that great march through Africa—were replaced with clothes, how a joyous party came out to receive him from Momba, how splendidly he was received by the Portuguese, how he reached St. Paul de Loanda, and from there went on by the *Industry* to the Cape.

Mr. STANLEY'S appearance on reaching the Cape was that of a man just rescued from the jaws of death. Those of our readers who may compare the portrait given in this issue with the one published some years ago will see how much the explorer has been changed in appearance by the physical and mental strain which he underwent during the wonderful journey recently brought to a successful close, and which, to use his own words, "has made him an old man in his thirty-fifth year." An English writer says: "As one looks upon the altered features, one can not help feeling admiration for the indomitable pluck and energy which must have been needed to carry him triumphantly through all dangers and obstacles."

One result of Mr. STANLEY'S labors is the interest shown in his discoveries by the Portuguese. It is thought that his explorations will have an important influence in opening an important trade with that hitherto unknown country lying between the vast possessions which Portugal has on both the east and west coasts of Africa. A Portuguese exploring expedition left Lisbon during the past summer for the purpose of traversing and investigating Central Africa from the province of Angola, on the west coast, to that of Mozambique, on the east coast, both being Portuguese colonies. Another object of the expedition was to ascertain the sources of the Congo—a problem successfully solved by Mr. STANLEY. The members of the expedition were met by him at Loanda, and received a large amount of useful information calculated to facilitate the task they had undertaken. The attentions and courtesies offered the American explorer by the Portuguese authorities were of the most flattering description.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Authors.]

# Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

### A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

THIS time he did not use the friendly key-hole, but boldly opened the enemy's door and looked in. The lad was still, still as he expected, sound asleep—heavily asleep; so steeped in slumber that he did not awake when the Frenchman put his hand into his coat pocket and drew forth a letter, the creditor's missive, and read the name.

"Aha! Mr. William Lang-ton, Messrs. Ferris and Halkett. It becomes complicated, this affair. Situation: two clerks in one bureau. Good! Ze young clerk gets drunk, ze more older clerk he r-r-rob him." He threw up his forefinger with a gesture of explanation mingled with disgust. "Tiens, tiens—what next? Next he hide ze money. Where? In sous le plancher—in ze ground. Bien, bien."

He went on his hands and knees and began to examine the planks beneath the window. It was quite easy to throw back the carpet and find the loose one; and beneath it there lay the rouleaux of gold and the packet of notes.

And as Frenchmen generally ask themselves questions in French, he made no mistakes. "What to do?" he asked himself. "What to do? If I leave the packet, he will perhaps come home and take the money and go. If I take the packet, one might suspect me—Bah! that is impossible—suspect Henri de Rosnay? That is foolish; that is absurd. I will take the money; I will watch for to-day and to-morrow. Aha! to-morrow I will go to his office and denounce the true robber. End of act three, with fifth grand tableau."

He placed Will's letter and the packet in his own pocket and left the room, the boy still breathing the heavy sleep of intoxication.

It was pretty certain that his victim would not return till the evening—late, he had told the boy. M. De Rosnay, therefore, proceeded with his own business. First he went to the British Museum, where he wrote part of his letter to the Parisian paper. In it he threw out hints about being engaged in tracking to its end a dark and mysterious affair, which, in the hands of one less skilled in the tortuous workings of the human heart, would infallibly be a work attended with failure. "Let my readers of the fair sex," he said, "be re-assured; this country is not Persia, nor is it France. It is money, not love, robbery, not jealousy, which lies below the plot of which I speak. And yet I promise for all a new, an original, a piquant story."

He went home at seven, for safety. No one was in the room but the unlucky boy, sitting with his head in his hand, a picture which would have moved the heart of the youthful Lacedæmonian far more effectively than a more common Helot. But no one else.

It was weary work, passing that long evening waiting for a man who did not arrive. But what would deter a French correspondent in the pursuit of something exciting? At dawn he got tired, however, and went to bed, with the resolution of waking up when he heard steps in the next room.

It was past two when the steps did awaken him. But there was nothing to see, because Mr. Kugel on getting home proceeded straight to bed.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IS IT A DREAM?

IT was not till twelve o'clock the next day that Langton's non-appearance began to excite remark. An hour later it was discovered that the money with which he had been intrusted was not paid into the bank. This was serious. A messenger was sent to his lodgings, for Langton was not, as his friend Kugel, one of those who love to bury their heads, ostrich-like, in obscure places. The messenger returned with the intelligence that he had not been home all night. Then a consultation was held, and the chief, Mr. Halkett, was informed.

Mr. Halkett was a man who did things on principle. He paid his clerks an ascending and regular scale of salary, which was not too much when you got to the top of it; he granted a fixed holiday of three weeks to every body, and made them take it, just as some banks do, with the view of finding out any irregularities; he would have none but churchmen in his employment, and was particular about the morals of his young men; finally, if any one went wrong, he knew, without being told, that prosecution awaited him.

Mr. Halkett wrote a letter at once to Mr. Pomeroy, by whom the boy had been brought to him.

That was why, about three o'clock in the afternoon, young John Ashton, going out of his hotel, met, as she was coming in search of him, Lettice Langton, pale, trembling, and agitated.

"Oh, Mr. Ashton," she cried, taking his hand, "if you can not help me, no one can."

"If I can help you—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"My brother Will—" and then broke down.

"Come into the ladies' coffee-room, and tell me all you can."

There was no one in the ladies' room, and Lettice took a little courage from the sympathizing silence of the mute furniture to tell her story.

At half past two a messenger came from Ferris and Halkett's to Mr. Pomeroy, asking if he could say where young Langton could be found, because he had disappeared and three hundred pounds with him. Mr. Pomeroy did not know; said he was busy; said that the boy's sister might know; handed the message over to her. Then the messenger told her the dreadful news. Young Langton, at half past three, had been sent with three hundred pounds in notes and gold to the bank. He had not paid that money into the bank at all; he had gone back to the office as if his duty had been performed; had gone away at the regular hour of half past five; and—had not come back in the morning. One of the clerks knew where he lived, and a messenger was sent to his lodgings; he had not been home all night.

That was the dreadful story which Lettice poured into the ear of John Ashton. Could he find the boy—somewhere in this great London?

"It is a tough contract," said John Ashton to himself, thinking whether Sir Galahad, Perseus, Hercules, Œdipus, and a few other performers of mighty deeds, ever had a more difficult task before them. But at sight of the tearful face before him he resolved to do what he could to hunt up this boy, to trace him—if any trace of him could be found—step by step, innocent or guilty, until he could give him back to his sister, to be rejoiced over or wept over.

"Does Mr. Pomeroy know?"

"Yes, and when the messenger was gone, he came in to say, in his hardest tones, 'Your brother has disgraced himself: try, if you can, to find out where he is. I will shield him if I can, for your sake, not for his.' Poor—poor Will! Oh, Mr. Ashton, try to think that my brother is not—is not really bad! He can not—oh, he can not have taken the money willfully! Some accident may have happened; he may have lost it; he may— Oh, I do not know what to think!"

"Try not to think at all, Miss Langton," said John. "Let me think for you. Now may I begin?"

"Yes, if you please."

"London is a big place, full of temptation. Your brother is only seventeen years of age; he lives in lodgings—all alone—at seventeen. There is no place for him to go in the evening; he may have got into bad company. You must not think too hardly of a boy left all alone. Let us try, first, to ascertain in what company he has been lately. Or—because all sorts of things may happen—he may possibly have been robbed, or may have dropped the bag. Tell me, Miss Langton, have you any reason for believing that your brother was not—not quite steady?"

She hesitated, reddening.

"I should have said, yesterday, nothing. But now I remember little things. He was always without money. He only had forty pounds a year, but Mr. Pomeroy doubled that for him, and—and—and—he had all my money, too."

"All your money?"

"Very nearly all. Mr. Pomeroy gives me forty pounds a year for my dress, and poor Will borrowed, last year, nearly all that."

"Humph! That makes a hundred and twenty. What did he pay for his lodgings?"

"He had a single room, with the use of a sitting-room, for five shillings a week."

"I see," John went through a little calculation. "Five shillings a week for lodgings; two shillings for breakfast; seven shillings for dinner; half a crown for tea and supper; a couple of shillings for washing; eighteenpence for sundries—that makes only fifty-two pounds a year. What do you think he did with the rest?"

"He had to dress himself."

"Very well, fifteen pounds—sixty-seven pounds—leaving fifty-three pounds. What did he do with that fifty-three pounds—more than a pound a week?"

Lettice hung her head.

"Indeed," she said, "I am afraid he spent it all on amusements."

John Ashton was silent. There was, indeed, nothing to say. To this young backwoodsman, who spent nothing at all a year in drink, tobacco, or amusements, unless shooting is an amusement, the thought of a boy of seventeen throwing away a pound a week in mere pleasures, with nothing afterward to show for it, was simply dreadful, wild extravagance. He could hardly understand how such a lad could exist.

"First," he said, "I must go to Ferris and Halkett's—that is, Miss Langton, when I have taken you home, if you please. Perhaps the boy may himself come round to see you. So be in the way; and I will do nothing else at all until we have found him, somehow or somewhere."

Lettice went away, strengthened with the thought that she was not left alone, and that some one was working for her and her brother. The dreadful thought that her brother might be guilty lost half its terrors—even though Mr. Pomeroy accepted the probability as a certainty—when her ally put her doubts into words, and showed her that many things might have happened besides—the ugly word which she did not dare to face; and, after all, Will had never shown any vicious inclinations. He was not an industrious boy at school, but then plenty of idle boys turn out well in after-life. And to think that he was suddenly going to pass from idleness to—theft, that was the ugly word—was too dreadful. What poor Lettice did not dare bring home to herself was the fact that, although a dozen things might happen, as a matter of plain truth only one thing ever does happen, and that thing is, that the clerk bolts with the money. Then the Guarantee Society sends its confidential secretary to the clerk's nearest relation, and puts the case—most distressing incident; bound to prosecute; all will be hushed if money is paid; character safe; family honor untarnished; what could be plainer than that the sacrifice must be made, the money found, one more criminal allowed to escape from justice, and the dividends of the Guarantee Society increased?

Lettice Langton naturally did not take this broad, Charitable Organization Society-like view of the matter, and went home with a lighter heart. John Ashton, for his part, prepared for action by going to Ferris and Halkett's.

Mr. Halkett would see him. Mr. Halkett, besides being, as we have said, a man of principle, was a very substantial man, who lived in Kensington Palace Gardens, rented a moor in the autumn, and spent the spring in Brighton. Mr. Halkett was a man whose morality was beyond reproach, whose word was as good as his bond, who bore an unblemished name among merchants. To be sure, it is easy to be virtuous on fifty thousand a year, added to your father's accumulation, and your wife's property. And Mr. Halkett was further helped on the road of virtue by being a man of few ideas. The fewer a man's ideas, the more likely is he to manage the conduct of life by fixed rules, just as a pig is safest and most comfortable within the narrow precincts of a sty.

Mr. Halkett, on hearing his visitor's business, became more solemn than usual. It was an occasion for showing that Draconian impartiality for which the house was famous.

"We have," he said, "four hundred employés. If we show leniency to one who departs from the straight path, probably the other three hundred and ninety-nine will follow in the sinner's track."

It is a plausible argument, and only breaks down in its weakest point, because it assumes that fear of punishment is the only deterrent from crime. As a matter of fact, most of the other three hundred and ninety-nine clerks would be found to have self-respect. Therefore they would not take to evil courses, even though brother Barabbas escaped the clutches of the law.

"Well, Sir," said John, without intending any irreverence, "the Lord has got more than four hundred servants. If He were as unrelenting in the punishment of sins, where should we all be?"

"I hope, Mr.—Mr.—Ashton"—Mr. Halkett looked at the card—"I hope that you do not come here to shock my religious feelings."

"Not at all, Sir," said John. "I want to know what you are going to do about young Langton."

"Prosecute him," said the merchant, shortly. "Make an example of him for the benefit of his fellow-clerks. If he is not caught, or does not surrender within four-and-twenty hours, I shall issue a reward for his apprehension. That is what I am going to do."

"Suppose I—suppose some one—were to come forward and say, 'I will pay the money for him, on condition that you let him go?'"

"That would be of no use—none whatever."

Mr. Halkett leaned back in an attitude of uncompromising virtue—you get that by throwing your head back, placing one hand on the arm of your chair, and the other straight before you flat upon the table. Try it!

"That would be of no use," he repeated. "What have we lost? Seventy-five pounds in gold, and notes whose numbers are probably stopped. Nothing. What have we to gain by the prosecution of one clerk? The honesty of all the rest. Is that nothing?"

"Well, Sir," said John Ashton, "you are the boss of this establishment, and you can do just

as you please. But I pity this country if every boss is like you."

"What do you mean, Sir?" cried Mr. Halkett, in a rage.

"I mean this, Sir. First, that I will try to find the poor boy; and, guilty or not, if I find him, you shall not—depend upon that. Second, that you may call yourself a Christian, but you are not. Not the first elements of that religion about you, Sir. The boy is missed; you conclude at once that he had stolen the money. How do you know that? You are going, on Christian principle, to act on that assumption, and parade his name all over England; and you refuse to accept, meanwhile, the restoration of the lost or stolen property. Good-morning, Mr. Halkett. If you come over to Arcadia, I'll give you a little more of my mind."

John strode away in a great rage. But wrath never yet found a missing clerk, and he began to think what he had better do.

First, he took a cab and drove to the boy's lodgings.

He lived in Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, having, like his friend Kugel, a single room. Unlike Kugel, he had a landlady who knew where he was employed, and what, too, was his daily manner of life.

John explained to the woman from whom and why he was come—the boy's disappearance; his sister's anxiety.

She hesitated a little, and then she told her tale.

"He was as good a lad as ever walked, I do believe," she said. "As good as he is handsome, until three months ago, when he got to know that Kugel."

"Who is that Kugel?"

"He is one of the sort that find their pleasure in smoking, drinking, betting, and low society," she went on. "One of the sort that get hold of young fellows like Mr. Langton and ruin them. I know him. He used to lodge with a cousin of mine—a hard-working woman as ever lived—and ran away without paying his rent. I remembered him when he came here six weeks ago. But it wasn't the time for making a fuss over it, and I waited."

"Where can one find this Kugel?"

"I don't know where he lives now, but I know where you will find him most evenings, because young Mr. Langton, who's got no more deceitfulness in his disposition than that bit of wool, told me. He is always to be found in the Connaught Music-hall, where the betting men congregate to make their wicked bets, or in the Royal Leinster Arms, where they meet, them and their friends, to play billiards, and a pretty place that is for a young gentleman with a character."

Leaving a message with the woman for her lodger in case he should turn up, John sent a telegram to Lettice, telling her what he had done so far. After dispatching his telegram he reflected that he could do nothing more till the evening, and that it would be much pleasanter to sit with Lettice, telling her all about it, than to sit alone. So he took a cab and drove to Great St. Simon Apostle, where he found the girl, still trembling and wretched, sitting alone in her dismal room at the back of the house. Mr. Pomeroy was probably in his office, and John sat with her, none to say him nay, trying to pour comfort into her heart so full of misgiving. Of comfort there could be but little, but there was promise of help; and it was something for the desolate girl to think that she was not altogether without friends. There was this stalwart young fellow, so strong and brave, working for her. He was her friend—this man who but a week ago had been a stranger, her friend. Not a thought crossed her inexperienced and uneducated brain that he would ever think of being something more. Other girls, as perhaps she knew, had lovers and married; for herself, she never thought of such a fate. As well might the imprisoned canary-bird dream of the bright skies and breezy groves of the islands whence his ancestors were brought. The iron of her prison had entered into her soul. And yet—so receptive, so open to influence is the nature of a girl—already a new life was being born within her; new thoughts were crowding in her brain, new hopes. The dull monotony of her silent and friendless days was broken. She thought it was only interrupted; but it was broken.

"You have known me only a week," she said, shyly, "and yet you are so kind. Are all Arcadians like you?"

He did not say what rose up in his heart. It was no time to talk of love when she was in so dire a trouble, else he would have told her that his kindness did not spring from friendship, nor from his education, but from a deeper source, perhaps a more selfish one.

"We are old friends already, are we not?" he said; "just as if we had known each other all our lives. And now it is half past five, and I must go. Have hope, Miss Langton; to-morrow I will report what I have done."

"Hope!" she echoed, with the tears in her eyes. "Yes, I have hope while you are here. Every thing seems easy; but when you are gone, and I am alone, then the misery begins. Poor Will! my poor, dear brother! Oh, he can not—he can not have—taken the money!"

"No! never believe that," said John, stoutly.

"Yet Mr. Pomeroy thinks so. And before you came I was having dreadful thoughts of—of policemen and trials; things one has read of. Oh, tell me"—she passed her hand across her forehead—"tell me, is it a dream? Are you a dream? Will you pass away and leave me here again in this great silent house where no one ever comes, and no one ever speaks? I used to have dreams in the daytime before you came. They crossed my brain when I was awake, and sometimes I did not know whether I was sleeping or walking in my sleep. And now I feel the same again, just the same as if I was walking in my sleep."

John caught her with both hands. He could have wept over the pleading eyes and weary voice.

"Lettice," he cried, "I will never leave you alone again! I am no dream at least. Are these hands a dream? Did ever arms in dreams fold you round like this?"

She drew herself away, frightened and confused.

"Forgive me, Lettice," he went on. "But do not talk like that; you terrify me. Promise me that you will not let such thoughts dwell in your mind. Remember, I am your friend—no dream, unless we are all dreams together—if you will let me be your friend."

"Oh, if I will let you?" she said; "I, who have never had a friend before!"

He took her hand again, and held it while he conquered the passion that rose to his lips.

"And now I must go," he said, "to look for Will. Be patient until to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VII.

### ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

In the billiard-room of the Leinster Arms there sat, on the American cloth-covered bench or divan running along one side of the room, a stranger. He was a tall, strong-looking young fellow, with something of a foreign look about him. He was neither smoking nor drinking—which was in itself unusual—nor did he converse with any of the men who were playing. He sat perfectly still, apparently watching the progress of the game; and when invited to play, he declined.

All the players who met there night after night knew each other mostly by nicknames, and the presence of a man who knew no one, and refused to drink, play, or smoke, was a *gêne*. They were mostly quite young men, of under five-and-twenty, though the countenances of some displayed precocity in the direction of ardent spirits. All had pipes in their mouths, and all were drinking. Their conversation was not governed by the restraints usual in society; and they were probably, as might be guessed by the topics on which they exchanged ideas, profound philosophers. At eight, or thereabouts, a light-haired man, rather older than the rest, wearing glasses, entered the room. He was greeted with a boisterous shout.

"Kugel!" At the name the stranger lifted his eyes and looked curiously at the new-comer.

"Kugel, at last. Where is young Langton?"

"I thought some of you fellows could tell me."

"Well, he is always with you; and you took him away last night. Precious drunk he was, too."

"No; he left before me," said Kugel.

"Why, I walked down stairs with you both," persisted the first speaker.

"My dear fellow, how could that be, when I tell you that Langton left half an hour before me?"

"I suppose I was drunk too, then," the other laughed. "Because I've got a firm recollection of propping Langton up on one side, while you helped him up on the other."

"What the deuce does it matter," cried a third, "who went out first? I dare say Langton will turn up some time."

Then the stranger, who was John Ashton, spoke.

"Are you, Sir"—he addressed the young fellow who said he had seen Langton and Kugel go out together—"certain of what you say?"

"Well, I don't know what concern it is of yours," he replied. "We are all friends here, and we don't know you."

"It concerns you all," said John, "in this way. Langton was here last night with a bag of money in his coat pocket belonging to his employers, Messrs. Ferris and Halkett. He did not appear at the office this morning; he has not been home at his lodgings; he has not been heard of any where. It is therefore interesting for all of you, because you may be asked questions, to find out with whom William Langton left this room."

They looked at each other in silence. The situation was grave.

Then the one who had first spoken said, in quite a different tone,

"Kugel, you did leave the room with him; I remember it perfectly. Does no other fellow remember any thing about it?"

No one did, but two or three seemed to think that they remembered in some vague way. Perhaps every man was anxious to shift a possible scrape off his own shoulders.

"And who are you, Sir?" asked Kugel, "coming here to poke your nose into other people's affairs—a Yankee detective?"

"I am here on behalf of the boy's nearest relative. I am going to look for that boy. If any of you are his friends, as you pretend to be, you will help me."

They looked at each other.

"Look here," said one of them; "if Langton has bolted with the money, or if Kugel has helped him off, and we get called upon to give evidence, it won't do any of us much good to have to state in a witness-box what we know about their goings on, and where we spend our evenings."

There was a general murmur of assent, and a movement toward the hats.

"Kugel," said the one who had helped Langton down stairs, "you may fight your own battles. You did go off with him; and I saw you turn the corner into Holborn with him. And that, if I must swear to it, I will. But as for the rest, I know nothing; and I'm not going to get the sack, if I can help it, from my religious firm by confessing to music-halls and billiard-rooms, and all the rest of it."

They laid down their cues, seized their hats, and dispersed, multivious. Kugel was about to follow, but John laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Not so fast," he said. "You and I must have a word or two before we part. What have you done with the boy?"

"I have done nothing with the boy. I know nothing about him, or his money either."

"Good. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I am."

"I will go with you."

Kugel looked at this stranger. He was taller than himself, broader in the shoulders, and stronger. Nothing was clearer to the German's mind than that, in case of a row, he would come off second best. Without a word, he turned and walked down the stairs.

In the street he looked round. The Arcadian was with him.

Side by side the two walked in silence along Holborn.

This was at nine o'clock.

At ten o'clock they were still walking side by side, neither speaking to the other. It was the German who spoke first.

"I hope you are not getting tired."

"Thank you," said John, with equal politeness; "I am not at all tired. I like walking in this cool night air."

"The rain, too"—it had begun to rain a little—"that refreshes, does it not?"

"It does," John replied; "especially when you have no overcoat."

There he scored, because his companion had none, while he was himself provided with that useful article.

At eleven they were walking still, but faster, as if they were getting impatient and wanted to be at home.

They were in the neighborhood of Soho. Suddenly the German stopped at a door. "You live here, then?" asked John.

Kugel rang the bell without answering; on its being opened he stepped in quickly, followed by John. They went up stairs, and John found himself in a room at the back, where sat two men engaged over some papers; they huddled them up, and one of them crammed them hastily into his pocket.

"It's Kugel," he said, with surprise; "what's the meaning of this, Kugel? And who have you brought here?"

"I don't know," said the German. "It's a man who follows me about and wants to find out where I live."

The two looked at each other; evidently something was wrong.

"He has," John explained, "kidnapped a boy who had three hundred pounds upon him."

The pair—they were both young men with preternaturally keen faces—turned to their friend for further explanation.

"It's a lie," said Kugel. "I know nothing about the boy."

"Then take me to your lodgings," John went on. "If you know nothing about him why do you try to hide your address? Now, gentlemen," he said, "I don't know who you are, nor what your trade is; if you like to shelter this fellow, say so, and I'll raise mischief. For I'm bound to find out where he lives. If it comes to fighting, wild cats is the word."

Now the pair upon whom John had lighted were by no means warlike, also there were many private reasons why they did not wish to be mixed up in any affair that might bring publicity; it is always unpleasant, for example, to be asked to explain how one has been employed for the last few years. They were, in fact, betting men by profession, and to this they added such schemes of plunder as imagination, stimulated by intense love of ease and luxury, might suggest. At present they were concocting a method of preying on the credulous, which they afterward matured and by which they subsequently achieved fame. In fact, their greatness has been recently published in every paper, was made the topic of leading articles by the ablest editors, and is now rewarded by a term of years, now only just begun, in Portland. On further acquaintance with Kugel—it had been commenced in a billiard-room—he had "stood in" with them in one or two shady transactions, and had strengthened their esteem for him by executing transactions for them.

"Well, Kugel," said one of them, after a pause, "you see, it isn't our plant. Kidnapping boys with money about them is a deuced awkward job. Perhaps," he looked at John furtively—"perhaps the gentleman would square the job—for a percentage?"

"Then I stay," said Kugel, sitting down.

"Wild cats," replied John, meaningly.

Here the two whispered together and one pronounced the verdict.

"We are not going to be mixed up in it, Kugel. That's positive. And though we're sorry for you, we can't help ourselves. You must go."

"I stay here," repeated Kugel. He was already half dead with fatigue, and wet through with rain.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said John, still with the same politeness, "you would be good enough to put him outside the house."

"Come, Kugel, we can't keep you; we can't, and we won't. There."

"This is being pals," said Kugel.

"Well, as for the matter of that, we're not pals. If you had come to us by yourself, something might have been done. As it's your own job lot—come, get out."

He still remained.

"Get out, or we'll turn you out."

He saw that there was no longer any chance, and reluctantly went down the stairs, John with him.

When their visitors departed, the two gentlemen of the turf sat down again to resume their calculations.

"Kugel's nabbed this time," said the elder; "if ever I saw a man who meant business, that fellow means it. Kidnapping boys; why, it's disgusting, that's what it is. Why couldn't he stick to legitimate business? Well, he can't do us any harm; he knows precious little, if he were to round on us and split."

Then they went on with their legitimate business.

It was raining faster and the streets were quite deserted.

"Now," said John, "I am getting tired of this; will you take me home with you?"

"No."

"Then what I shall do is this; I shall wait till we pass a policeman, and as soon as he is well in sight, I shall commit an assault upon you. Then he will take us in charge; I can say who I am and where I live, and you must."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE RETREAT FROM KARS.

The fortress of Kars, from which the Turks retreated in such dire confusion on the morning of November 18, has for the last three centuries figured conspicuously in every struggle between the Moslems and their Muscovite enemies. The story of its recent surrender has already been given in the columns of the *Weekly*, as well as a description of the important battles that took place in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, so that, in connection with the accompanying engraving, we shall simply sketch the eventful history of the town, and indicate the manner in which the defenses were improved until the insignificant Armenian village perched upon a hill presented a series of fortifications as nearly impregnable as any in the world.

The early history of Kars is buried in oblivion, but, according to local traditions, it was a city of some importance and the capital of a province during the reign of TIRIDATES II., in the year 259 A.D. The first authentic record we have of its value as a military post is in 1580, when the Sultan AMURATH III., divining its strategic qualities, built the Itch Kalé, or citadel, which stands to this day. The possession of this fort gave him an inestimable advantage in carrying on the war with Persia which in 1590 resulted in the cession of Georgia and Tabreez to the Turks. The foresight of AMURATH was also justified, two centuries later, when NADIR SHAH, having signally overthrown TOPAL OSMAN, marched triumphantly on the fortress, and there encountered an obstacle which effectually checked his further advance. To this day the remains of his vast encampment, which was supposed to accommodate 90,000 men, are pointed out. In 1807, during the campaign with Russia, the fortress was again besieged, and again the valor of the Turks shone conspicuously. Three assaults were successfully repulsed, and the siege finally raised.

In 1828 the Russian General PASKEVITCH, having crossed the frontier at Djamooshli on the 14th of June, took up his position at Mazardjik and Kutchuk Kui, on the Erzerum road, and invested Kars. The garrison consisted of 11,000 men, while 151 guns were mounted on the walls. The Russian troops numbered eighteen battalions, nine squadrons of dragoons, seven regiments of Cossacks, with fifty-six guns. At dawn on the 23d the Russian batteries, which had been constructed on the southeastern side of the place, opened fire, while the assaulting columns, three in number, moved on the Kara Dagh, to the east, the Orta Kapi quarter, to the south, and to the heights on the west of the Kars stream. At 8 A.M. the Russian troops were in possession of all but the citadel, which before noon surrendered. The Turkish loss amounted to 2200 killed and wounded, 9000 prisoners (among whom was EMMIN PASHA, the commandant), twenty-two mortars, 129 guns, while the vast magazines fell into the hands of the victors, whose casualties amounted to 413 killed and wounded.

At this time the fortifications at Kars consisted of an irregular quadrilateral figure, the northern face of which followed the course of the crest of the perpendicular cliffs on the right bank of the Kars River. The western extremity was flanked by the citadel—a massive masonry building on a knoll commanding every thing within range, and requiring an ascent of 300 steps to reach the summit. On the eastern end was a lofty circular tower. These two faces ran due south for about 320 yards, and were connected by the southern rampart, about 500 yards in length. The southeastern angle was protected by the Yussuf Pasha Redoubt. The Kara Dagh (hill), which lies to the east at a distance of nearly a mile, and commands the fortifications as well as the town, was also occupied, and a redoubt containing fourteen guns thrown up. It was the success of the column attacking this fort, which obtained no aid from the citadel, that finally compelled the surrender. In 1830, at the peace of Adrianople, Kars, Ardahan, and Erzerum, all of which had fallen into the hands of PASKEVITCH, were once more ceded to the Turks.

During the war of 1853 Kars again found itself besieged by the Russians. The commander of the Muscovite forces was MOURAVIEFF, who had been a general of division under PASKEVITCH in 1829, while the Turkish commander was one VASSIF PASHA, ably seconded by Sir FENWICK WILLIAMS and General KMETY. Since the days of PASKEVITCH the works had been much strengthened, and, thanks to the untiring energy of Sir FENWICK WILLIAMS and his subordinates, extensive redoubts had been thrown up on the north of the Kars River as well as to the south of the town. The hills on the western face, which trend generally in a northerly direction, were defended by a line of works called the Tachmash Batteries. In the centre was a redoubt named after its commandant, Teesdale Tabia. The southernmost battery was within range of the river, the northern one close on the village of Tchakmak. These were again defended by an inner line of works called the English Tabia. The eastern banks of the river were guarded by